

Childrens Colour Book of Lands & Peoples

EDITED BY THE EDITOR OF
"THE CHILDREN'S
PEOPLES OF ALL NATIONS
& COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD"



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Fifth Volume

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People of Sunny It

THESE THINGS ARE ALL TRUE

250 251 252 253 254

A

The first thing I noticed
 was the smell of the sea.
 It was so strong, so salty,
 it filled my lungs and made me
 feel like I was breathing life.
 The sun was shining down on the water,
 creating a shimmering path of light
 that led me towards the shore.
 I walked along the beach, feeling the sand
 between my toes and the gentle waves
 lapping at my ankles. The air was warm,
 and the sound of seagulls calling from the sky
 was so peaceful, it felt like I had found
 a hidden paradise.

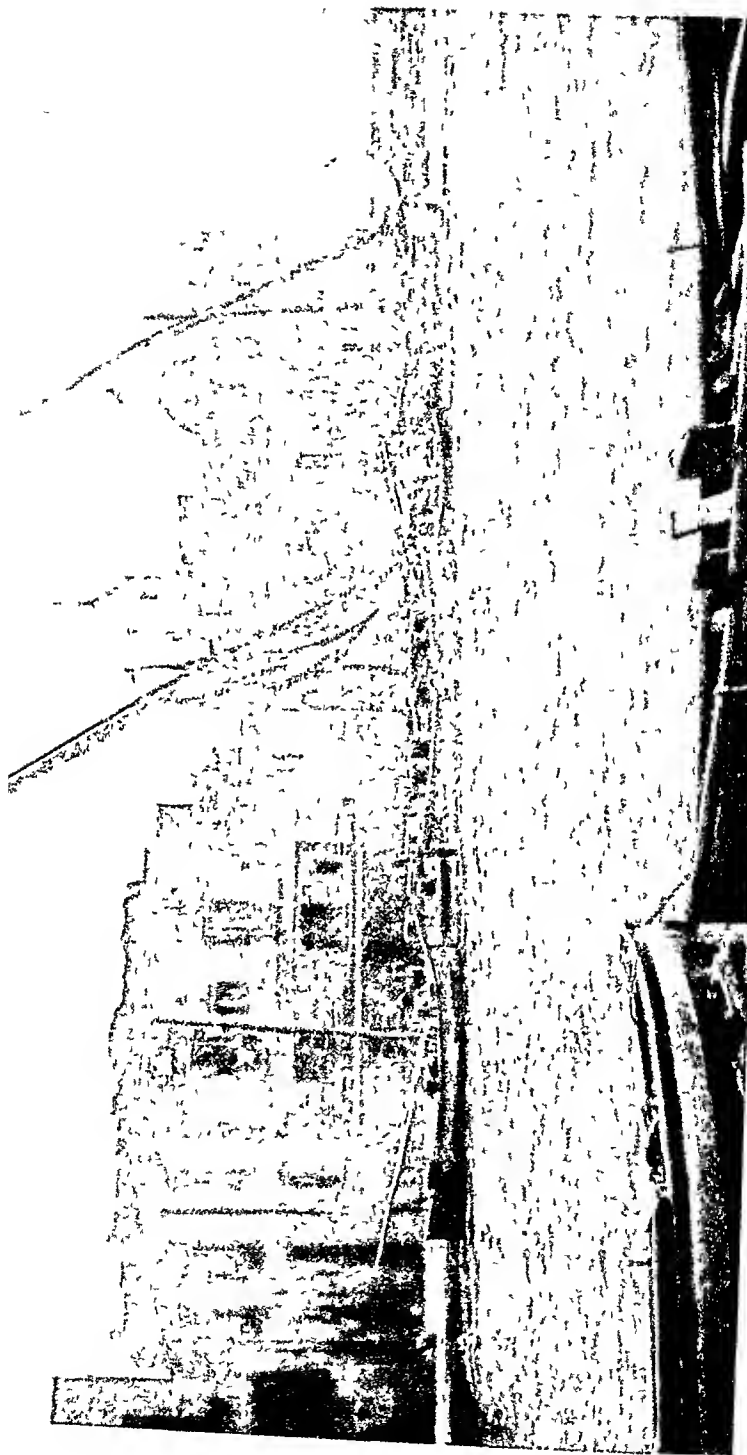
We are so glad
to have you here!
The world has been
enriched by your
presence and constant
manly help.
Meanwhile, I will
not be a certain Latin



A LITTLE DAUGHTER OF ITALY
 It is 14 years old and still in the
 first of her life. A little girl
 native of Italy. Italy was
 long been recognized as the only

A
 M T
 A d t
 A m s l
 C c A
 H I I r l
 A h r r i
 r a t r r r l
 f e l x f e o
 f f r w k r n
 + v r r t t k y l
 l i t w l a
 f f x l l o z r
 t r r c f l i
 f a x r o l l

The house was
a big one and
unlike anything
was in the truth
and the city of the
Cavars I am the
centre of a rapidly
growing business
—the family—or



NAPLES, THE "SIREN CITY," lies, as we see in page 1185, upon the northern shore of a lovely bay, at the southern end of which is Mount Vesuvius' smoking cone. It is a beautiful city in a beautiful position, but it is noisy and, in many parts, squalid. In the great

harbour lie all kinds of vessels—warships, liners, cargo steamers, and pleasure and fishing boats. It is the last that we see here, graceful craft with huge lateen sails that overtop the buildings, crisscrossed by sailors whose fishing-ground is the blue Mediterranean



THE CASTLE OF ARCO, is a fine specimen of the castle of the 13th century. It is a fine specimen of the castle of the 13th century. It is a fine specimen of the castle of the 13th century.



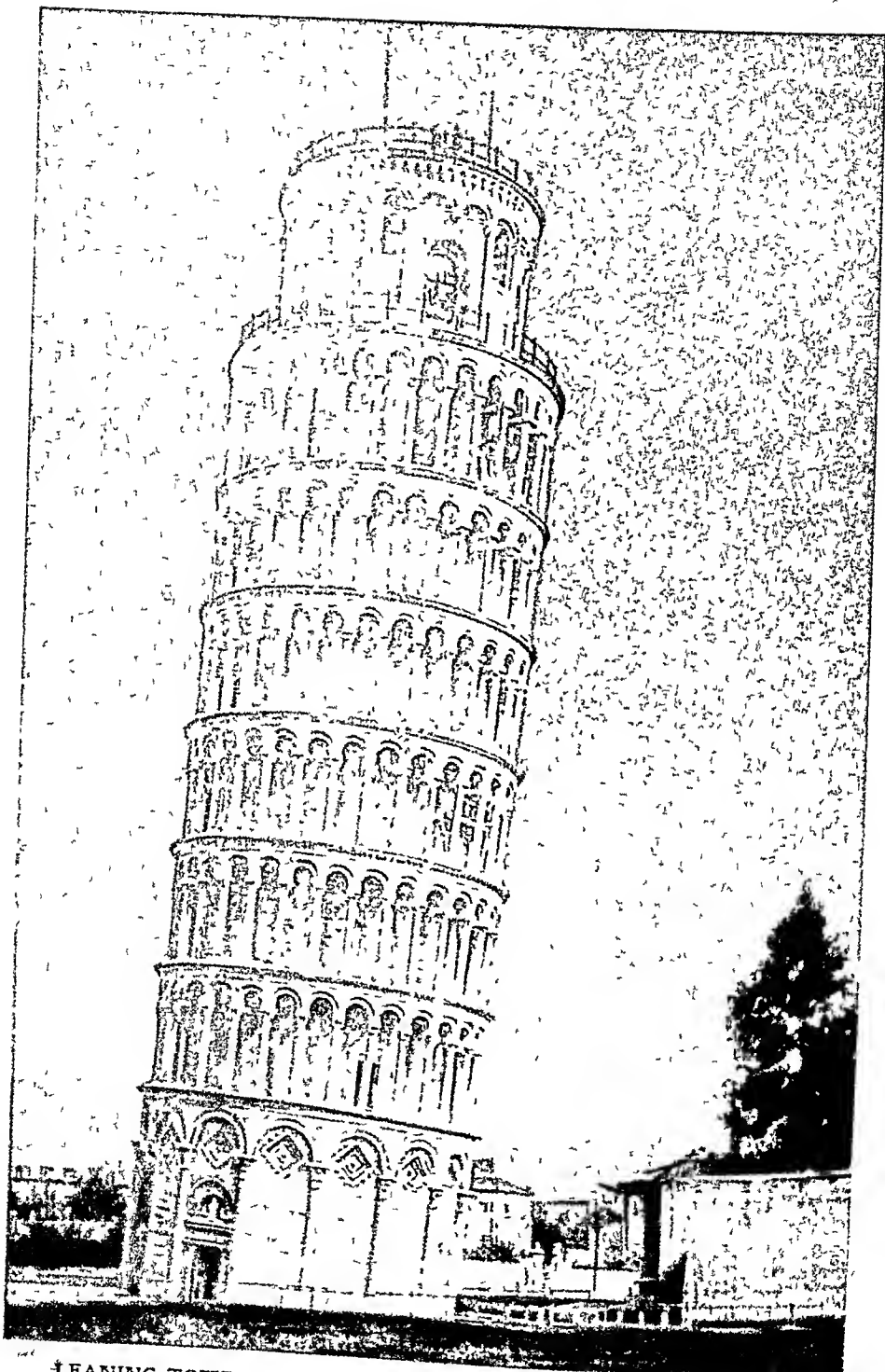
LEISURELY, LUMBERING OX-WAGON THAT IS USED
 Once upon a time many prosperous cities occupied the wide plain
 known as the Campagna di Roma. Many people dwelt therein, and
 the fertile ground yielded abundantly under the hands of the peasant
 farmers. Then, long ago, their small farms were replaced by large

ON THE LEVEL ROADS OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA
 estates, and that started the ruin of the district. The land was
 neglected, mosquitoes bred in marshes no longer drained, and they
 brought malaria. The cities now lie in ruins, and the population is
 fever-stricken. An olive grove, such as this, is a rare sight



MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The following table shows the number of men, women and children in the United States in 1900, by race and color, and by sex. The total population of the United States in 1900 was 76,212,367.

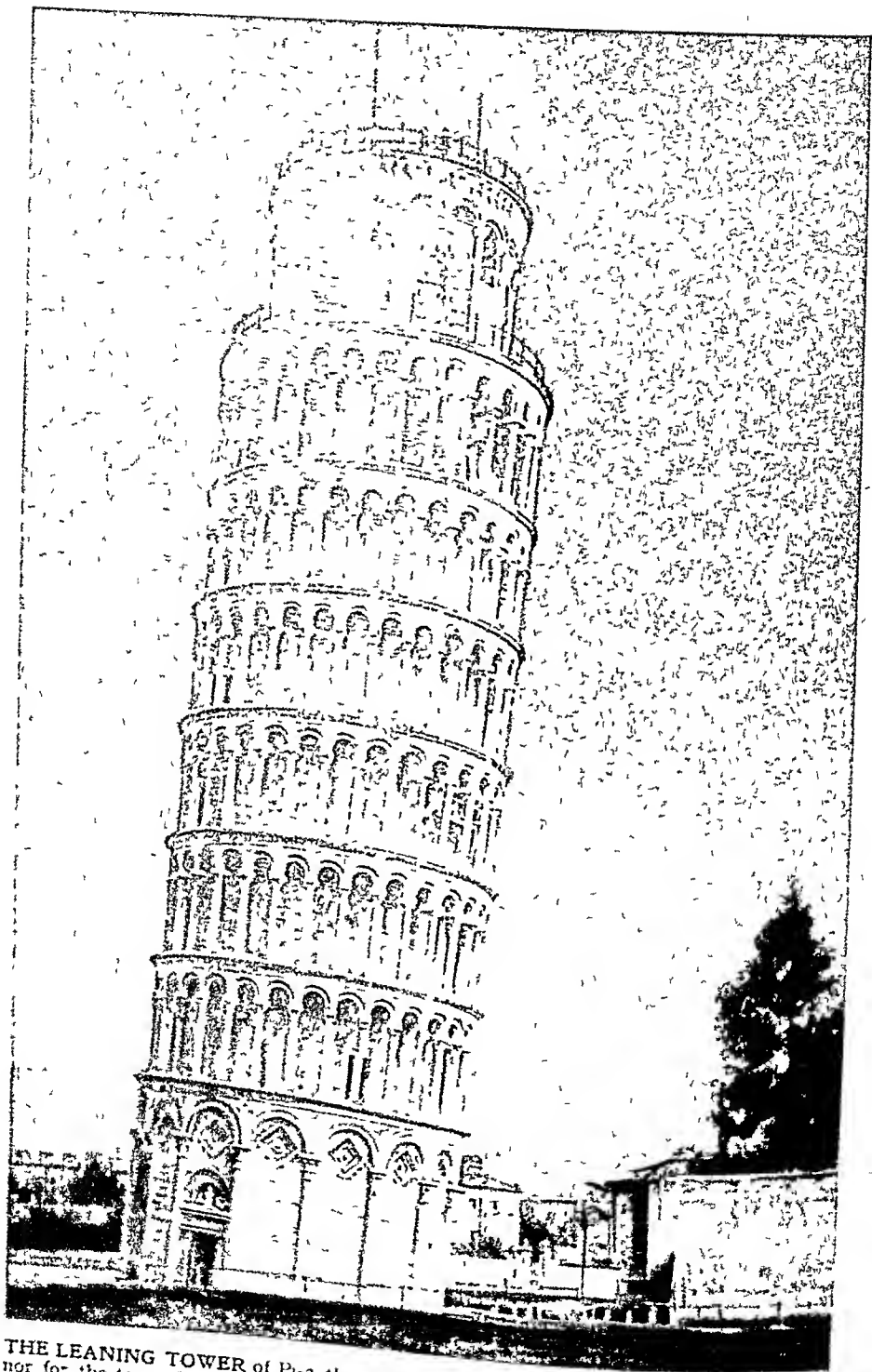


LEANING TOWER of Pisa, the cathedral's bell-tower, is famous, not for its beauty
the tone of its seven bells but because it is 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet out of the perpendicular

W. L. L. L.



THE DUOMO the cathedral of St. Maria del Duomo in Milan. The square can hold 40,000 people. The tower is 115 ft. high.

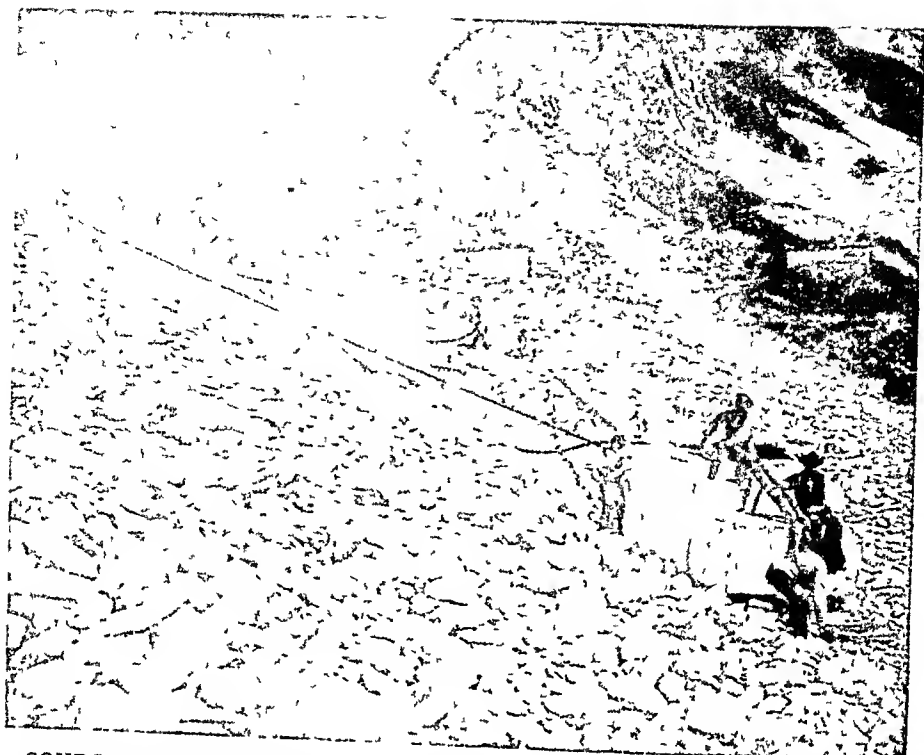


THE LEANING TOWER of Pisa the cathedral's bell-tower is famous, not for its beauty nor for the tone of its seven bells, but because it is $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet out of the perpendicular

MacGill



THE DUOMO the cathedral of S. Maria del Fiore in Florence is the fourth largest church in Europe. The square campanile is considered to be the first of its kind.



SOURCE OF THE RAW MATERIAL FOR MANY A WORK OF ART

The marble quarries of Carrara have been famous from the days of the ancient Romans, and have since then provided stone for many lovely buildings and many beautiful sculptures. The marble blocks, obtained by blasting, are roughly squared and dragged over the white debris by means of ropes and wooden rollers to the waiting ox-carts

the Bishop of Rome, as Pope, became the spiritual ruler of all Christendom. As the Church grew wealthy it fostered learning and the arts, and when Constantinople fell in 1453 and its scholars fled from the Turks, it was Italy that welcomed them and was foremost in that revival of learning known as the Renaissance.

During the centuries the country was parcelled out between various rulers. A gift of land from Pepin, the King of the Franks and the father of Charlemagne, to the Pope was the beginning of the Papal States, which were situated in central Italy and included the city of Rome. Naples and most of southern Italy, with Sicily, became "The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies," and so on. Many cities, with their surrounding lands, became little republics, and when not fighting invaders, they fought each other. They were not united into the kingdom of Italy until 1871.

Considering the almost constant fighting, it is a wonder that medieval Italy found time for anything else. Yet the fact remains that her architects have given us some of the finest cathedrals and palaces in the world, her poets rank amongst the "immortals," and her artists have left a wealth of wonderful pictures and statues.

There are many types among the people. The Italian with olive skin and very dark hair and eyes is found in the south, but going north we find a sprinkling of other types. The red-gold or auburn-haired beauties of Tuscany and Venice are famous, and north of the Apennines it is easy to see that the people, both in appearance and character, have a good deal of the blood of the fairer and more energetic northern invaders in their veins.

The northern portion of Italy is a vast plain, usually known as the Plain of



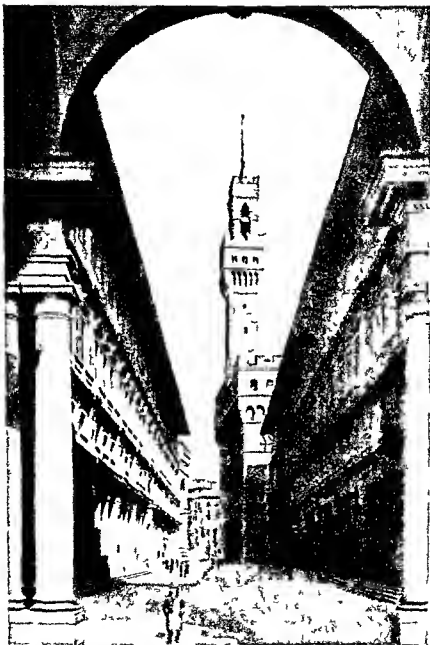
GLIMPSE OF TRISTE AT THE HEAD OF THE ADRIATIC SEA

The great port of Trieste has not been Italian very long though it was originally a Roman colony. It came under Austrian rule in 1797 but after the Great War it was given to Italy. The new part of the city lies on the level ground around the entrance to the bay, the old town, with its wonderfully narrow streets, clings to the steep Castle Hill.

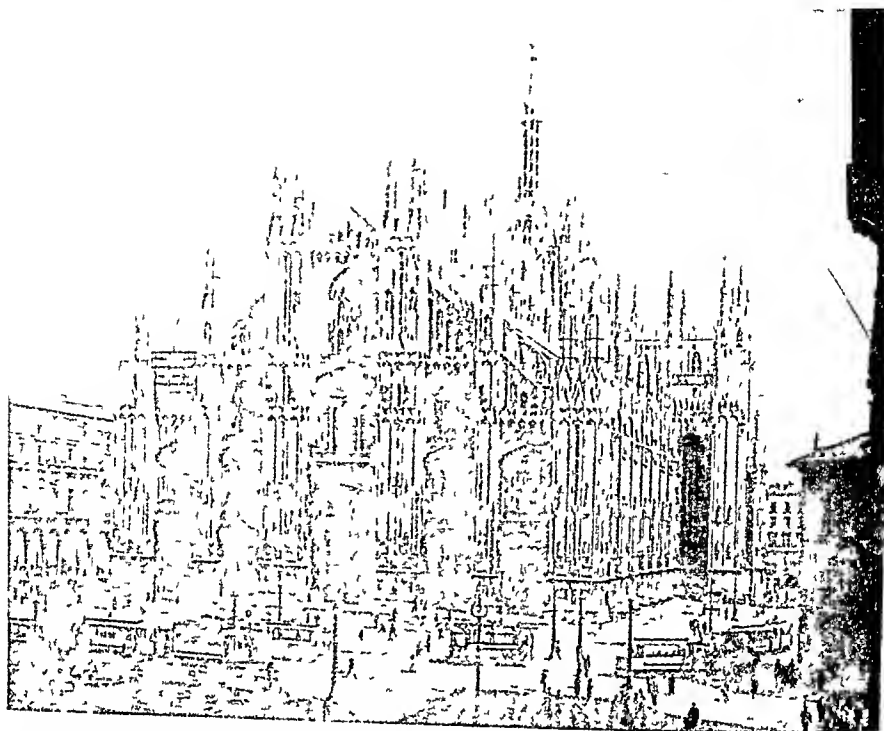


IN OLD SAN REMO, backed by a semi-circle of hills and faced by a bay of the Ligurian Sea tall narrow houses crowd together along narrow alleys, steep lanes and flights of rude steps. The arches that span the thoroughfares are designed for support in case of earthquakes. Modern San Remo, a typical Riviera town, sprawls along the sea-shore

Nicholls



THE SLENDER TOWER of the Palazzo Vecchio the battle-swept town hall of Florence is seen here from the banks of the River Arno. On the side of the street that leads to it are the dignified arcaded buildings that compose the Palazzo degli Uffizi which houses a famous picture gallery, a library, the post office and the Archives of T



MILAN'S CATHEDRAL WITH ITS FOREST OF MARBLE PINNACLES

The cathedral of Milan, the capital of Lombardy, is one of the wonders of the world, with its white marble traceries, pinnacles and flying buttresses, and its thousands of statues. It was started in 1386, but was not finished until 1815. Milan has always been one of Italy's most important towns, even as far back as the third century B.C.

Lombardy, through which, from west to east, flows Italy's biggest river, the Po, with its numerous tributaries. This plain is covered with fields of maize and wheat, with vineyards and mulberry trees. From the plain rise fair cities, with stately castles, cathedrals and towering campanili.

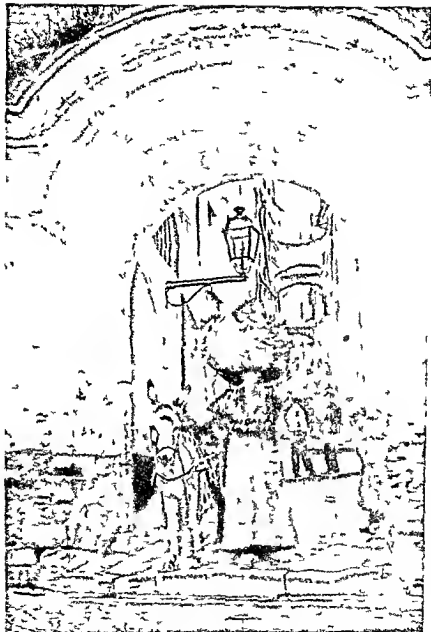
Milan, the most important city of the plain, is a thriving commercial centre. Its lofty cathedral, adorned with turrets and pinnacles and over 4,000 statues, is like a mountain of marble. Indeed, the design for it is supposed to have been suggested by the appearance of Monte Rosa away to the north.

In a former monastery, adjoining another church in Milan is what, in spite of being terribly faded, is one of the world's greatest pictures—"The Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci, the famous painter and sculptor. Italy gave us the opera, and at Milan Mozart

produced his first opera when he was a boy of fourteen.

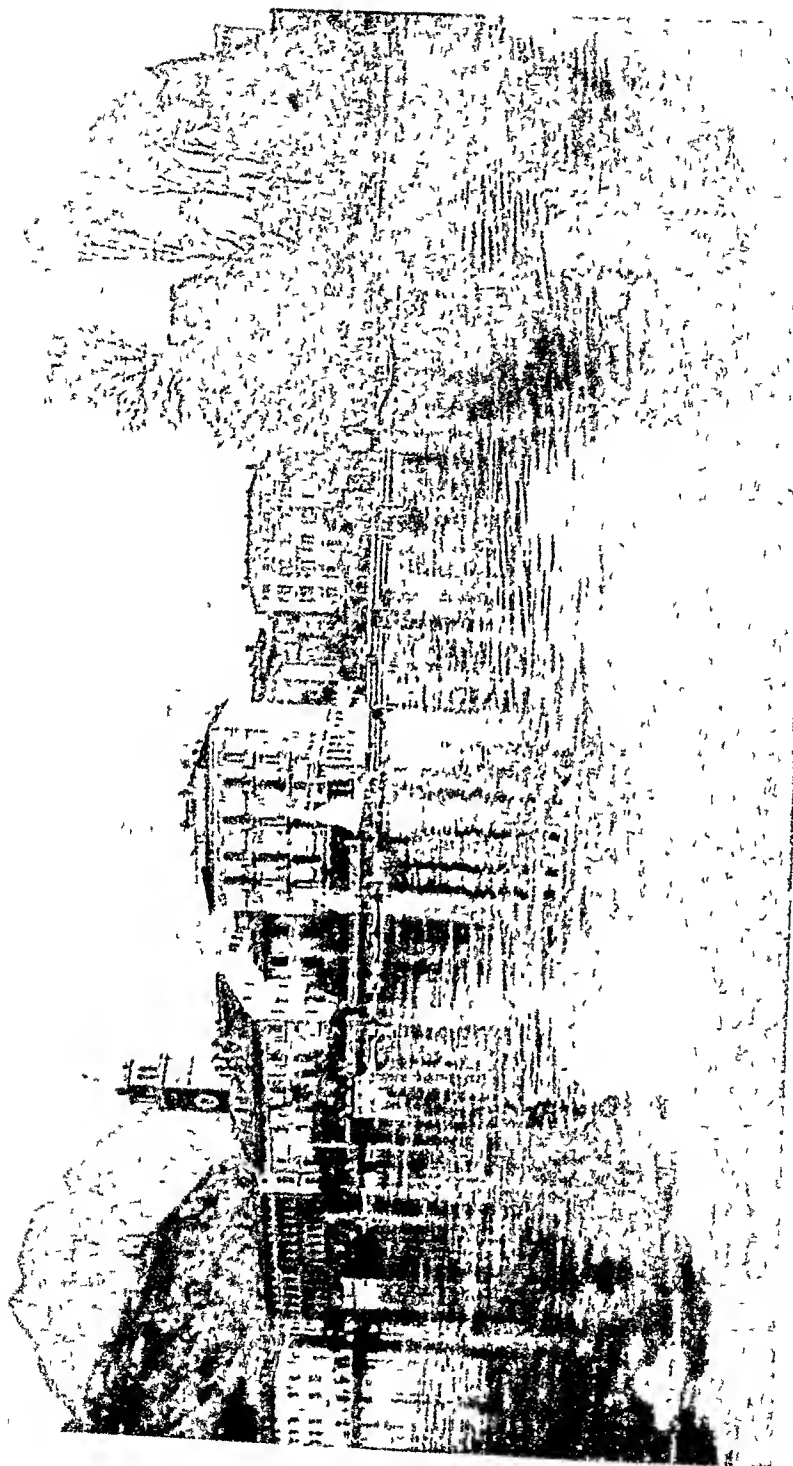
Monza, a few miles from Milan, is connected with the history of Theodolinda, a Bavarian princess who, in the sixth century, became the wife of a Lombard king. This lady was to the Lombards what Bertha, Ethelbert's queen, was to the Saxons, and for her missionary zeal Pope Gregory the Great sent her a most precious relic—a thin circlet of iron, made, so it was claimed, from one of the nails used at the Crucifixion. This iron band set in a circle of gold and jewels, is the famous Iron Crown of Lombardy. Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, Charles V and Napoleon I have all worn it. It is kept at Monza, in the cathedral where Theodolinda is buried.

The Lombardy Plain is rich in interesting cities. Mantua, near which the poet Virgil was born, appears to rise from a



THIS STREET OF BORDIGHERA WAS NOT DESIGNED FOR VEHICLES

In olden days towns were built for safety & shelter in the most inaccessible places. They survive the ancient quarter of a town so often scrambles up a hillside and the new part spreads over level ground at its foot. Bordighera on the Riviera coast is such a town. Needless to say this narrow arched stepped street is in the old quarter.



RIVA, ON LAKE GARDA, is a pretty and drowsy little town, sheltered by the steep mountains around it not only from cold winds, but also from the hot afternoon sun. It stands at the north-westernmost point of the lake which lies before it, narrow and enclosed by

precipitous walls, like a Norwegian fjord. In the south, Lake Garda widens and its banks are low. The azure waters are rarely as still as those of the other Italian lakes, and when a sudden squall races down from the north it becomes almost as rough as an angry sea.

[illegible]

As the path rises towards the south-
-ward, and the north and west we find
the lower slopes of the hills covered with
a broad Here and there are fruit
orchards and rich pastures, then forests
of chestnut and, higher up, pine-trees.
Here are beautiful lakes, each formed by
the widening of some tributary of the Po
as it rushes down from the snows to join
the main river. These lakes are among
the most romantically beautiful spots in
Italy, and by their shores, as in the time
of the ancient Romans, wealthy people
have built their villas.

Simple Life in the Hill Villages

Life in the upland villages is very simple. The peasant tends his vines, makes wood into charcoal and, like his brother of the plain, lives mainly on polenta. This is maize meal, cooked with salt and water until it becomes a thick, yellow mass. Cut into slabs, it is eaten as bread or is crumbled into soup. Sometimes it is fashioned into flat cakes and cooked on the hearth. In some form or other polenta, with thin soup in which are vegetables and scraps of meat, forms the staple food of the working classes of the north, varied occasionally with eggs and cheese, and with fish on fast-days.

At one time of the year the village housewives are very busy, for in every

out, so an attic is reserved for the rearing of silkworms. Then, with a fire above, comes to keep the air at the right temperature. The little caterpillars are spread out on it, not covered with mulberry leaves. As their size and appetite increase, the mother, father and all the children are busy, busy supplying the worms with food. Day and night they must be fed constantly, and no rest can be taken till the yellow cocoons are all finished and laid in to keep busy the silk looms of the caterpillars. It is one of the greatest silkworm-breeding countries of the world.

Another big source of income is the wine industry, and here the vine growers must have a great enemy to combat—hail storms, which, coming with startling suddenness, may strip the grapes from the vines and destroy the year's harvest in half an hour. Lately the practice has been adopted of firing cannon at the dark clouds that precede a hail storm, in this way, the vines are often saved, as the clouds precipitate snow and sleet instead of hail.

Olive-Clad Hills and Green Valleys

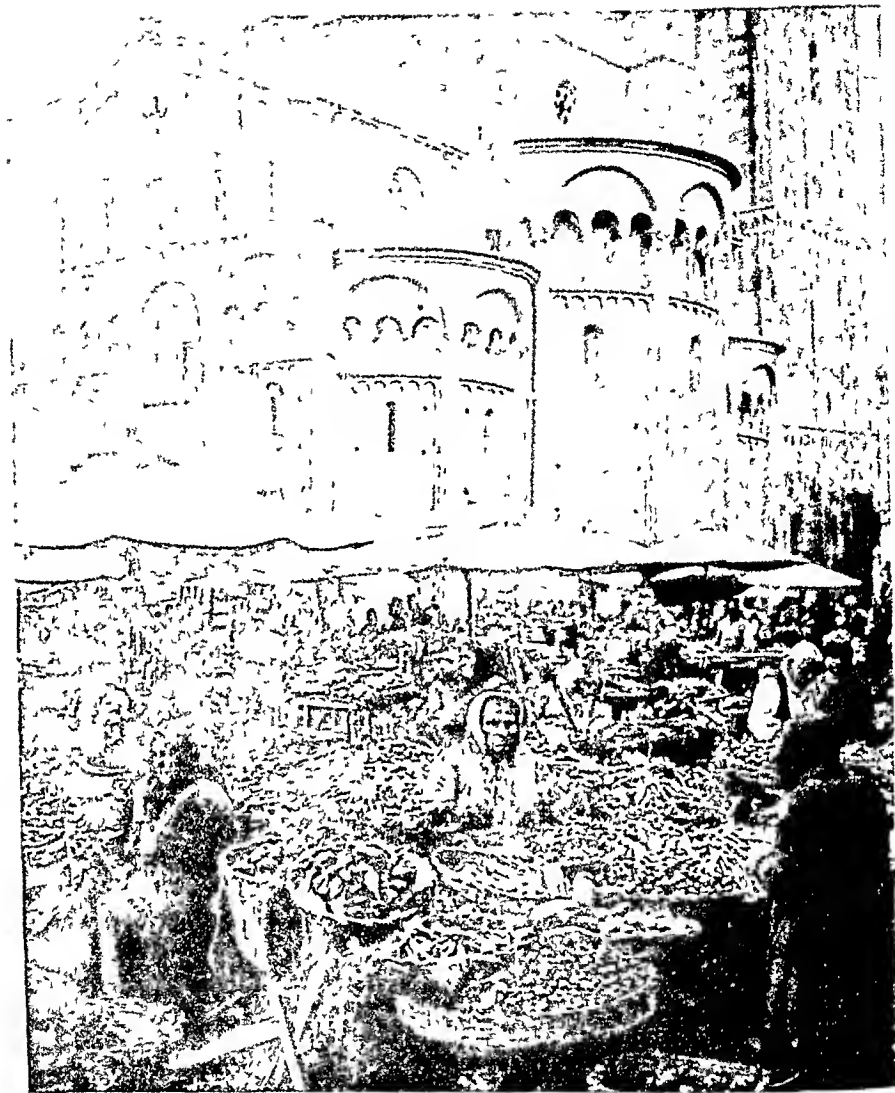
During winter the northern plain is very cold, for bitter winds sweep down from the Alps, and on the south the Apennines keep off the warm air of the Mediterranean. South of the Apennines, along the coast from just east of Mentone to Spezia, is the Italian Riviera, with its pleasure resorts of San Remo and Bordighera.

So fine is the climate and so fertile the soil that oranges, lemons, olives and other fruits thrive well, and the mountains are cultivated in terraces to a considerable height. Genoa, which is on the coast, has a long history as a seaport and commercial town of world-wide importance. Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, was a Genoese mariner.

West of the Apennines and in the northern half of the peninsula lie two fascinating provinces, Tuscany and Umbria, to which flock the artists of the world, for here the land is a picture. Man has done his best to add to its beauty, for well nigh every town, no



IS OLD FISHERMAN in a green wooll'n tuckin'-cap dw'll n' Salern. ben le n
 ng the sea in search of little 'ard nes o' ancho ~ or gr att ma h h alerno s i i so th
 v o i a beaut ful gulf to w l e i t has g e n t e nam and i not far from \ p l s and Mo nt
 av u It s a d l i g h t f u l o l d t o w n b y a b e n e t l a h i l l c r o w n e d b y t h e r u n s o f a c a s t l



McLeish

BUSY BARGAINING BENEATH THE WALLS OF MODENA'S CATHEDRAL Modena in north Italy, has, like most Italian cities, a long history—it was founded about 215 B.C.—and an eventful one. Its great cathedral started in 1099, is almost in the centre of the town, and every week a market is held in its precincts, where an extraordinary variety of fruits and vegetables is sold, also grain, meat and wines.

matter how small, that graces the olive-clad hills of Tuscany or is tucked away in the green valleys or on the mountain slopes of Umbria, is rich in artistic treasures.

The River Arno flows through Tuscany, and on its banks, a few miles from the sea, lies Pisa, once a great maritime republic that rivalled Genoa and Venice. It was a

powerful city with brave citizens, but was faced with overwhelming odds, for it was midway between two powerful enemies, Genoa and Florence. The Pisans were defeated by the Genoese in a naval battle in 1284, and in 1509 the possession of the city passed to Florence.

The magnificent cathedral of black and white marble was built to commemorate



YOUNG METAL WARE MERCHANT IN THE ALPINE TOWN OF AOSTA

Aosta a little town surrounded by walls built by the ancient Romans and with many other relics of those ancient warriors. It is a beautiful town of the Italian Alps, not very far from Mount Blanc. To this dark, top of the peasant folk for sheep and at its feet are great copper mines for horse making and coal.

naval victory. Near by is the cemetery known as the Campo Santo, a beautiful cluster surrounding a green wall. It was built on fifty three hundred of earth brought from Mt. Calvary by a certain Arab, so that the proud Pisan is in the best of ground.

th Anna bes
and city

of towers—which was the intellectual and artistic centre of Italy for more than two centuries. In its dark narrow street where the palace of the nobles or like great fortresses history has been made. Here the two factions of Guelph and Ghibelline fought out their quarrels. It was through him taking part in such a fight that one famous Ghibelline Dante



THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA, that vast, dreary plain that stretches around Rome between the mountains and the sea is the home of these bright-faced gaily-clad boys. The malaria that is the scourge of the district in the summer does not seem to have affected their spirits but then they probably move up to the mountains in May.



A DAUGHTER OF ABRUZZI this lovely girl comes from a land of forest and pasture, now-capped mountain and deep fertile valley. In olden times it was inaccessible to the world, important for it was the capital's natural protector on the north. Therefore it is that now it is one of the most backward departments of Italy.



IN THE VIA SAN GIUSEPPE, A THOROUGHFARE OF OLD SAN REMO

This street in the old quarter of San Remo is so narrow, and the crumbling houses are so tall, that little light can enter through the small windows, and the rooms must be dark and ill-ventilated. Yet mother and grandmother are hale and cheerful, and baby sleeps the sleep of the healthy. But then San Remo is a famous health resort.

greatest of all Italian poets save Virgil, was banished from his native Florence

The cathedral is a stately building of marble. Beside it rises the most beautiful campanile in Italy, a peerless thing of delicate tracery. It is called "The Shepherd's Tower," because its architect, Giotto, was a ten-year-old shepherd lad minding his flocks when the artist,

Cimabue, found him drawing a picture of a lamb on a flat stone. Cimabue took the boy to Florence and had him taught art.

Many Italian cathedrals have beside them a building called the baptistery. This was needed during the centuries when baptism took place only three times a year and everybody in the diocese was baptised by the bishop. The Baptistery



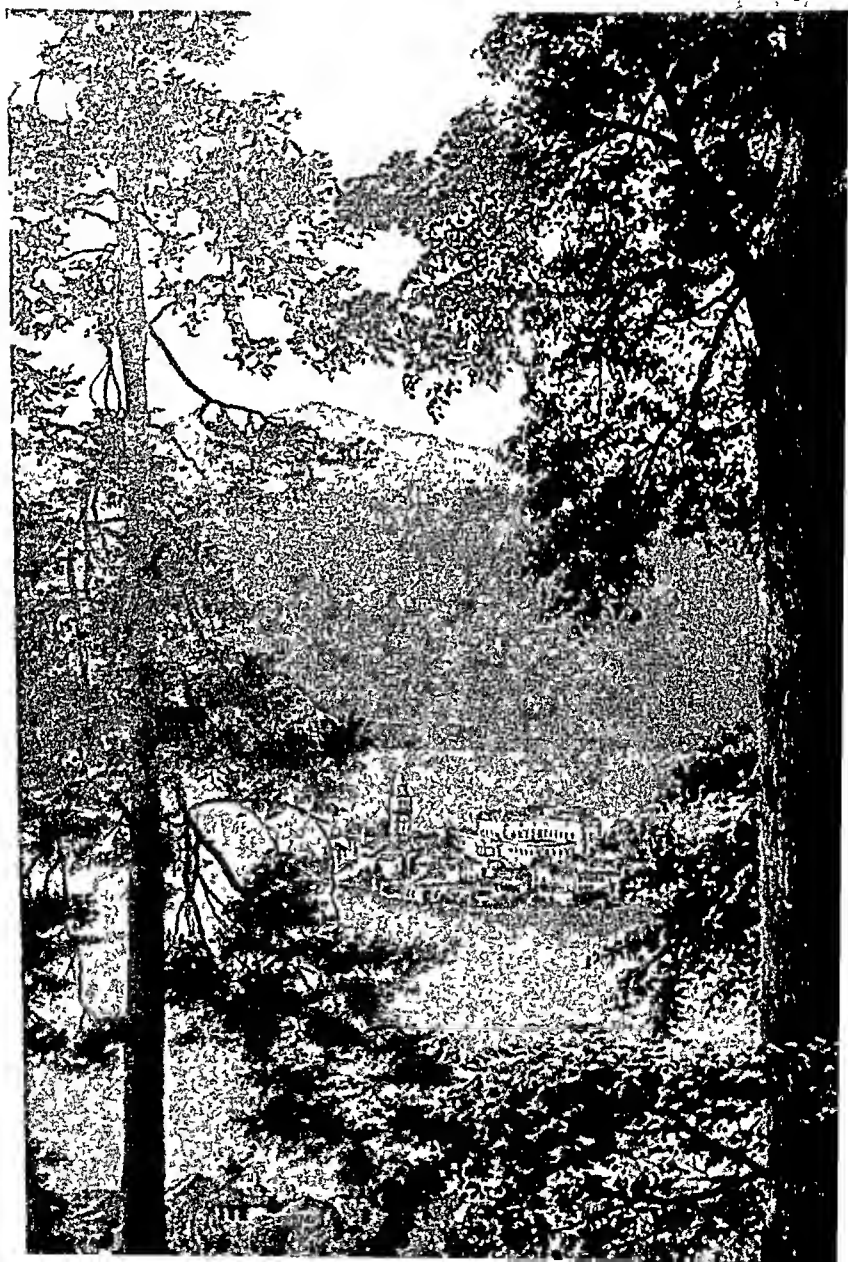
FAIR SKINNED NATIVES OF THE MOUNTAINOUS NORTHERN FRONTIER

The Val le Cogne among the Alps of north Italy is not very far from Switzerland and it is not unusual to find people there who are fair and look Teutonic rather than Latin. The women wear collars of beads and of lace and keep their aprons pinned up all the week, only letting them down on Sundays.

at Florence is famous on account of two of its bronze doors that Michelangelo and were fitted for the gates of Paradise. The making of these doors occupied a celebrated goldsmith for fifty years.

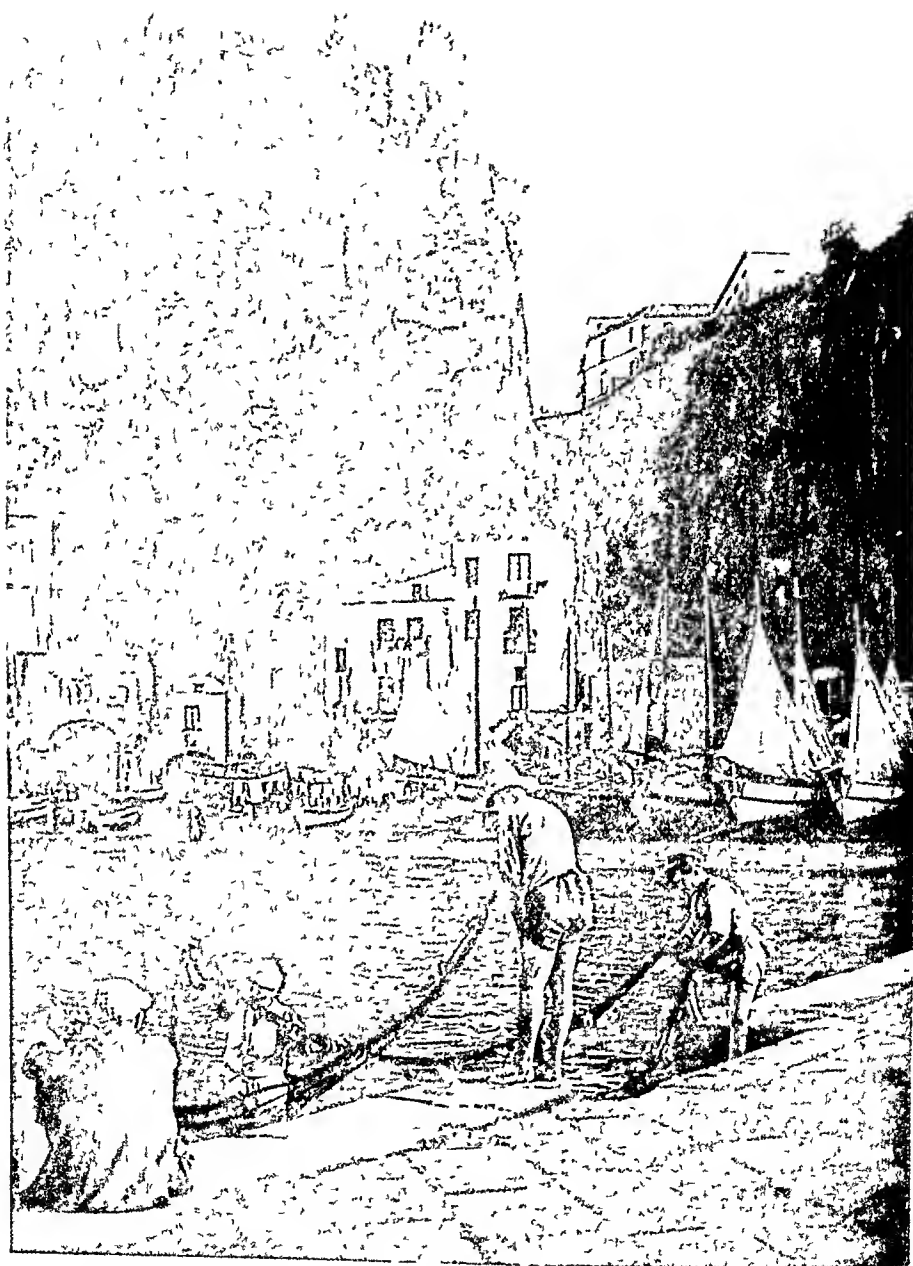
In the old streets may be seen little shrines—sacred pictures in a frame with a lamp always burning before them—reminders of the ancient practice of praying

at the street corners. Here too we may see the sick carried to hospital on a litter borne by men who wear black robes and curious pointed hood which conceal their faces. These men are the Brothers of Mercy. The members are of all classes and a certain number are always on duty that they may be ready to help the sick and injured or to carry the dead to burial.

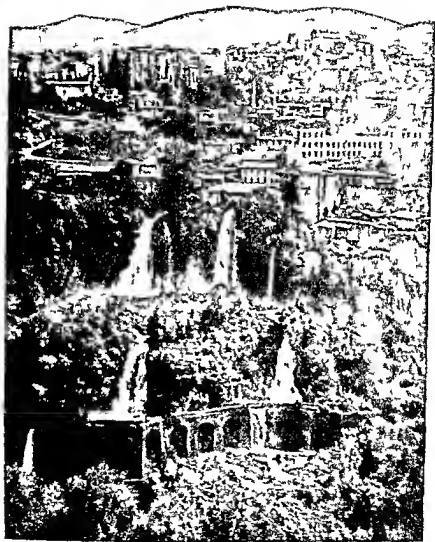




WASHERWOMEN of Omegna, a small town in the northern Italian Alps, wash their clothes upon their back doorsteps and wash their clothes in the Negro's ear that does not feed but drains the lake. This waterway soon joins the stream of the Lake Maggiore and so water from the small lake always being poured in the lake.



FISHERMEN'S QUARTER AT SORRENTO AND A FEW FISHERFOLK
 The fishermen of Sorrento bring their laden boats to the west end of the town to the Marina Grande, or large harbour. Most of Sorrento, as we see in page 1743 is built on the cliff-tops high above the sea, but here room has been found for a few humble houses at the harbour's edge, below the sheer wall of limestone



OLD WALLED TIVOLI ABOVE ITS THUNDERING CASCADES

Tivoli has been famous for its beauty for many many years. It was a popular summer resort of the Romans—it is only 25 miles from Rome—who built temples here and beautiful villas. Even the Emperors Augustus and Hadrian had dwellings here. Below the River Anio issuing from a famous falls in many streams for a distance of

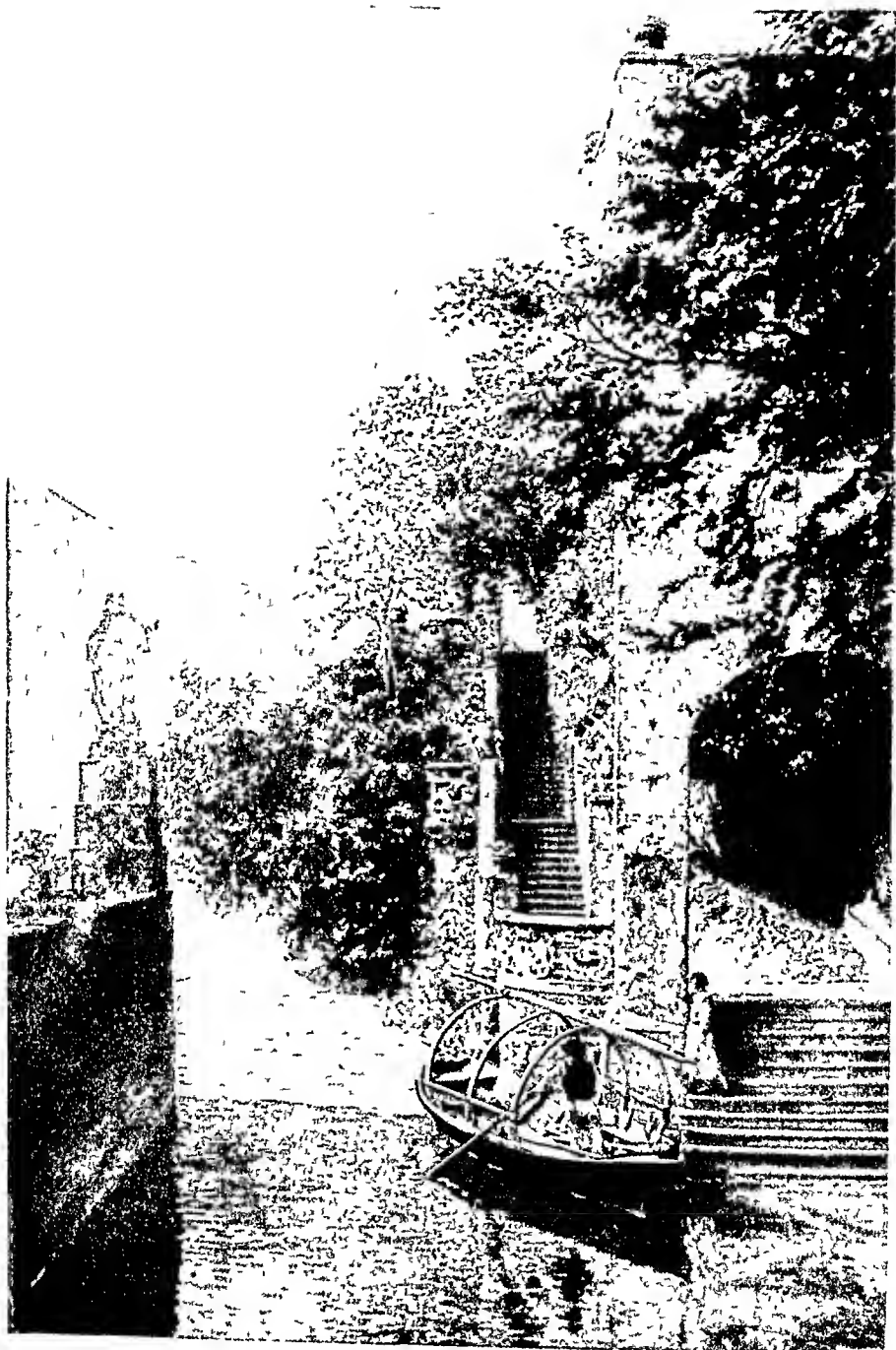


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OLD WALLED TIVOLI ABOVE ITS

Tivoli has been famous for its beauty for many years. It was a favorite resort of the Romans—it is only 25 miles from Rome. The ruins of the great villas of the Emperors Augustus and Hadrian are still to be seen. The River Anio issuing from a ravine falls in many places.

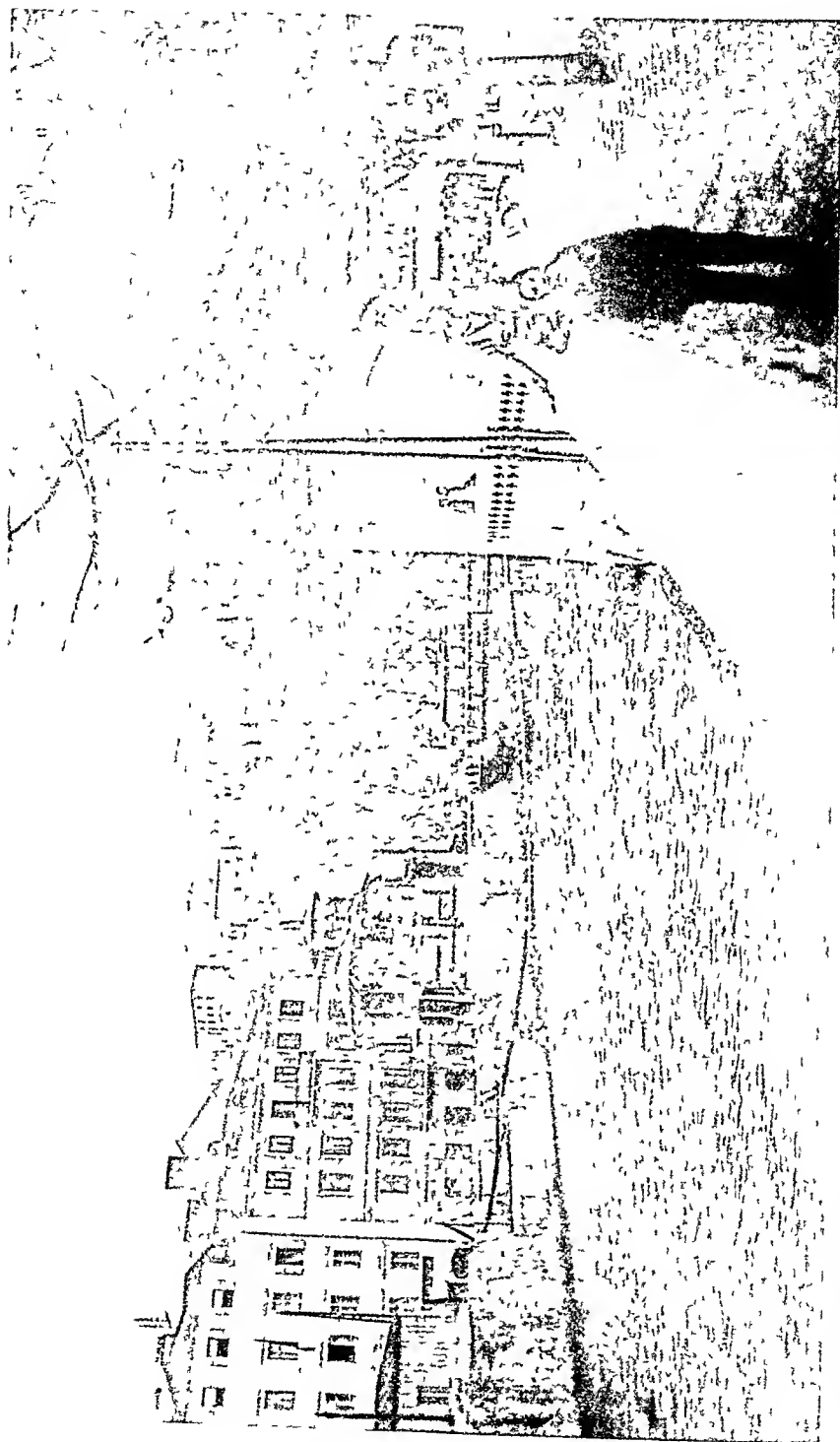


Mel & Ish

LOVELY LAKE COMO is surely the most beautiful of lakes. Between its blue waters and the forest-clad mountains that rise so steeply from its shores lie many humble villages among vineyards and flowery gardens, and many a stately palace, with its flight of steps to the water. This is the water-front of the Villa Balbianello.

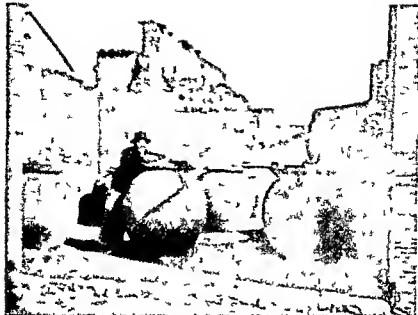


Look
ACROSS LAKE MAGGIORE from the wood above Arona, you can see the old castle of the Visconti above the little town of Angera. In 1439 this castle became the property of the Counts of Borromeo. On the west side of the lake near Varese is a colossal bronze and copper statue of St. Carlo Borromeo Cardinal Archbishop of Milan. 1538-1



ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER RECINA WHERE, AT FIUME, IT FLOWS BENEATH MONTE CALVARIO
 The great port of Fiume, which lies on the Adriatic Sea east of the
 Istrian peninsula, used to be in Austria-Hungary. Then after the
 Great War, Italy and Yugo-Slavia both laid claim to it, and the
 soldier-poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, took it for Italy and ruled it for

over a year, entirely against the will of his country. At last, in 1920
 it was made an independent state. It did not remain so long, however
 for Italy took it again in 1924, giving Yugo-Slavia other land in
 exchange. Fiume was called St. Vitus in Fluminio in the Middle Ages



WHERE OIL AND WINE WERE BOUGHT AND SOLD IN OLD POMPEII
 From Pompeii now he received of the car a glimpse of the street that had been
 for eight centuries and now we can get a very good idea of the street that was
 in A.D. 79. We see the narrow paved street the shops on the sides the
 houses the carns and temples. There are even pictures in red terra cotta on the walls.

The carnival in Florence is from
 Christmas to Lent and is a time of
 merry making. The entire city dresses in
 white with its stockings on Christmas Eve
 but at the Epiphany or Twelfth Day
 which is the children's festival they put
 their faces out overnight in paint that

La Befana an old woman who in the
 Italian nursery takes the place of Santa
 Claus will fill in with presents.

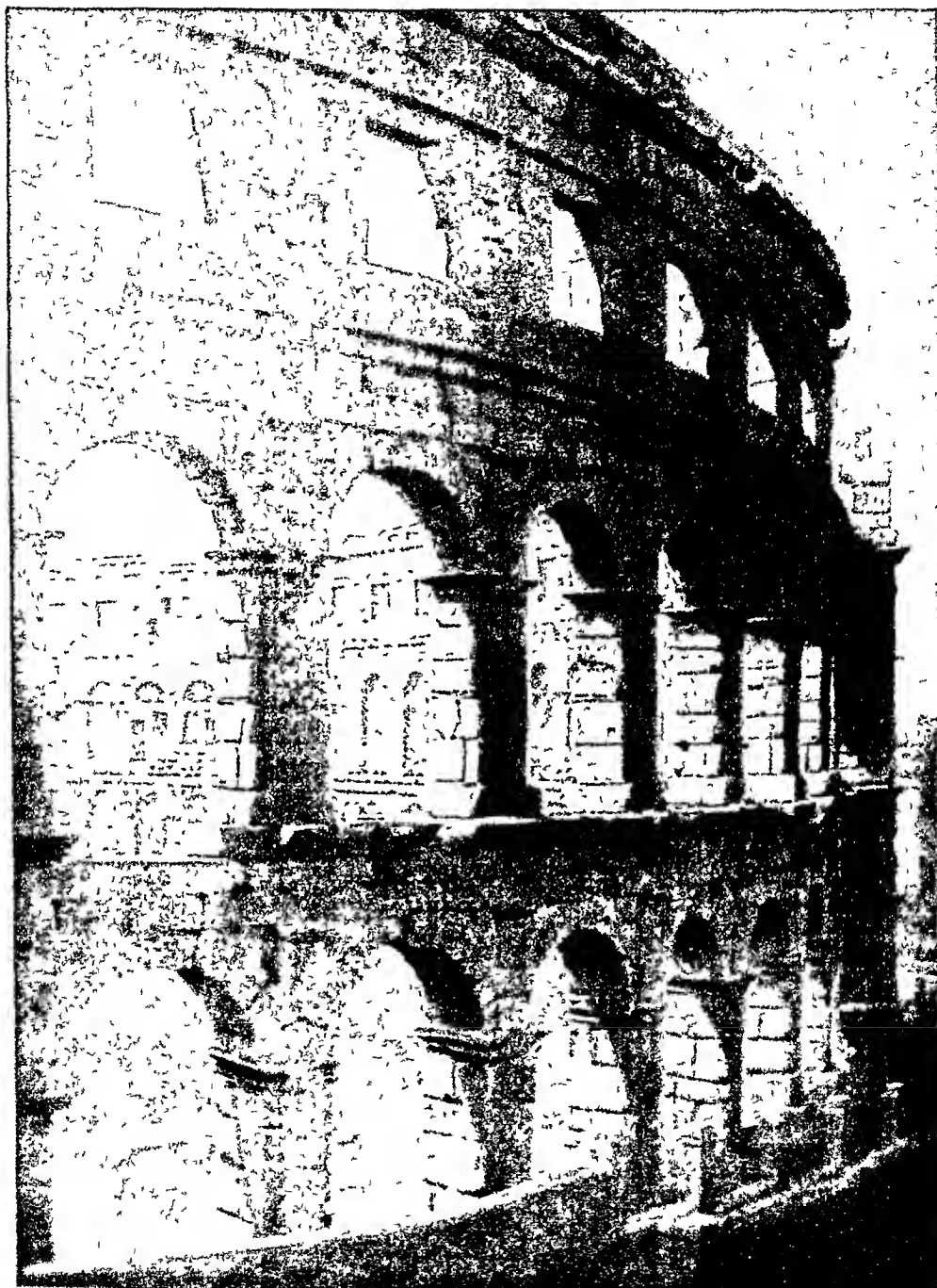
On Easter Sunday there comes The Feast
 of the Donkeys which has been celebrated in
 Florence for eight centuries. For a day
 or more the peasants flock in from the
 country and lay in the cross of town people
 in front of the cathedral. Then appears a
 huge wooden car festooned with fireworks
 and drawn by four milk white oxen whose
 horns are tipped with gold. It halts in
 front of the cathedral within which Mass
 is being celebrated.

When the Archbishop comes to the
 words "Glory to God in the Highest" he
 releases a little white artificial dove

which carries a light in its mouth
 and along a vine from the high altar
 through the open door to the altar. The
 doves' grateful will tremble but it
 will move and the people will anxiously
 to see what it will do. In setting
 about its work. If so the people
 that follow will be a matter for thanks and
 blessing for the Tuscan peasant firmly
 believes that as early as the light
 appears for the harvest of the
 year is beautiful and good.

We have little time to spend in Umbria
 but on the mountain that is called the
 town of Assisi where seven hundred years
 ago that gentle man St. Francis gave up
 all for the love of God and his fellow
 creatures. He gathered together a little
 band of men vowed to poverty and sent
 them out as preaching friars to work
 among the poor and wretched. These
 are the Franciscans or Grey Friars.

Over the Apennines to the cattle trail
 marches the grazing of ancient Fieschi.



THE AMPHITHEATRE at Pola, a port of Istria, is a relic of the ancient Romans and could hold 25,000 people. The Venetians, who took the town in 1195, used its stone seats as building material. Taken by Austria in 1815, Pola became, thanks to its fine harbor, an important naval station, just as it had been in the days of the Romans.



McLish

STRAW-PLAITER OF FIESOLE WORKING AT HER WOODEN LOOM
 By means of a simple loom this woman is making lace out of straw! For, like most other inhabitants of Fiesole, she is a straw-plaiter. Fiesole is a delightful place, built on a hill above Florence, and possesses many relics of days long gone by. A villa near by was once the favourite residence of Lorenzo the Magnificent, ruler of Florence.

PEOPLE OF SUNNY ITALY

streets Macaroni takes the place of the polenta of the north and snail soup roast chestnuts starfish sea urchin octopus tentacles and all kinds of queer things appear on the menu and the air is richly scented with the all pervading odour of sun refined oil and garlic which seems in comparison from the south of Spain and Italy

They are a handsome vivacious merry people these children of the Sunny South fond of colour in their dress and their surroundings not energetic perhaps but happy musical light hearted excitable and easily moved to laughter or anger They take tickets in a lottery and play their games quite indifferent to the ever present menace of smoking Vesuvius

The Italian are good horsemen but horse racing is not a favourite pastime Football is a relic of the Great War when

they learnt it from their allies and there are various other ball games including one in which the ball like a shuttlecock is not allowed to touch the ground

In the streets of Italy a man in English will come across a lunch and a lady show and are reminded that lunch—or

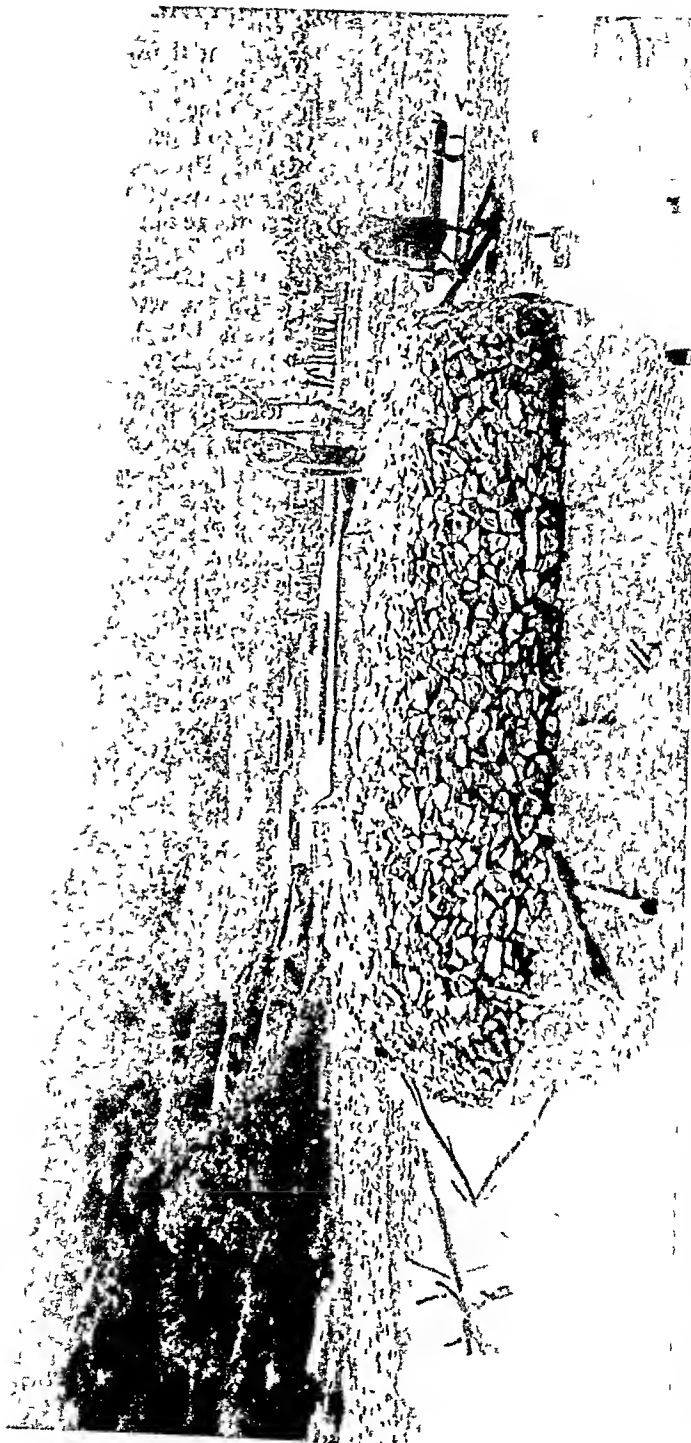
Punchinello to give the gentleman his respectful name—was born in Italy perhaps near Naples where he has travelled to France and England

The people of Italy are not crowded so closely together in manufacturing towns as are the inhabitants of more highly industrialised countries Most of the people on the contrary are employed in tilling the soil which is just as well for when the Italian leaves the country for the town he undergoes a change which is unfortunately for the worse



YOUTHFUL HELPERS IN A FACTORY OF SUNNY AMALFI

In Amalfi a lovely little seaport on the Gulf of Salerno we can see many beautiful things. There is an old one of the curious things hanging in the sun. Macaroni is one of the chief food of the Italian.



CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED WELL-HEAD AT BANYO IN THE GRASSLANDS OF THE ADAMAWA HIGHLANDS

The Adamawa district contains great tracts of upland savanna, which afford excellent pasturage for the herds of cattle kept by the tribesmen, who are chiefly Fulas. The cement and rough stone work round this much-frequented well was constructed by the Germans for the

13 for

Adamawa highlands were once in the German Cameroon, which was however, divided between Great Britain and France in 1919. Banyo is now on the border between British and French Cameroon. At one time many of the native cattle, such as the 500 here, were exported

In the Heart of Africa

AMONG THE CANNIBALS AND PYGMIES OF THE CONGO

Th Cong Africa se I knegst r r f w al pl the lark he t d
Afr a l with his might b takes t path v a t r e s f r f nch
a l l g in Congo al Angol I g l a l g e t l v l f r f nch
all d m and l p u r l g e p e t of the g l and n l a e t t
s t a s e a l p r t e p e r l n the world e l b e f i t t e
m l r s r e q n l n m m g e s e l l b e f l o u s t r t l l
l v t f m o p l r s L a g l o n e and S u l w l t l v l f r f nch
t h l h l t l n l e l o n f l C n g n f o t h e s t l l l m n
The t n g k l l m n y of d s e c t l r m o r e n d s p o w l d l t
s o m of t l l v s n t a b e a n l l l t s f n s n of t h
r g l n t h w l d l t l l p r o b a b l y b o m n y e a r s l f r t h w h t
n c a n o b t a i n t h e t r e s g a t a e f a t l l t

In the year 1482 a little fleet of gallies went on a cruise along the west coast of Africa. The hulls were embellished with large red crosses and from the masts a black banner bore the banner of Portugal. For many months the fleet had sailed freely along the low coast with its lines of palm trees and with the white reef of dunes, as freely upon the yellow sand. The swampy mangrove thickets at the mouth of the Niger were passed; the vast Cameroons plain was light and the Equator was crossed. Then in the midst of a wide river opened out before the admiral's eyes. From the natives the Portuguese learned that this river was called the Congo, and that it was the country gate to the south of the world by a great distance. All the Moors, Negroes (most of the Negro people) so the Portuguese called them, communicated with the African monarch, began to trade with him and eventually established a Jesuit Mission among his people.

Savage Gardens of the Interior

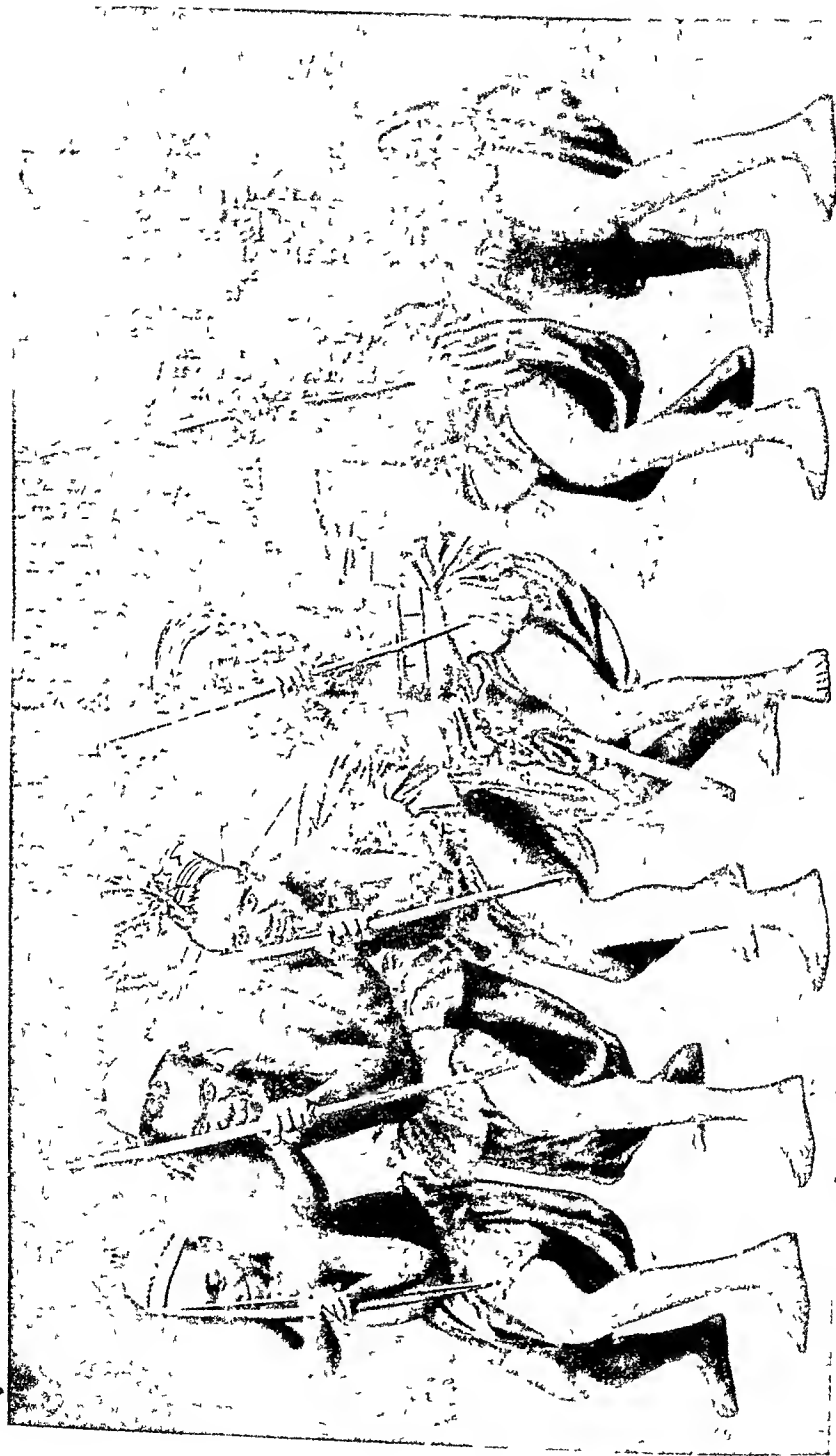
The first one did not go very far up the river, little more than a mile. I found from the people that it had been so that I tried to improve on it. They were a little surprised but explained that the first people had thought that the river was a kind of a way to get to the sea. It was a good idea that did not work out. The second one was a little better. It was a kind of a way to get to the sea. It was a good idea that did not work out. The third one was a little better. It was a kind of a way to get to the sea. It was a good idea that did not work out. The fourth one was a little better. It was a kind of a way to get to the sea. It was a good idea that did not work out. The fifth one was a little better. It was a kind of a way to get to the sea. It was a good idea that did not work out. The sixth one was a little better. It was a kind of a way to get to the sea. It was a good idea that did not work out. The seventh one was a little better. It was a kind of a way to get to the sea. It was a good idea that did not work out. The eighth one was a little better. It was a kind of a way to get to the sea. It was a good idea that did not work out. The ninth one was a little better. It was a kind of a way to get to the sea. It was a good idea that did not work out. The tenth one was a little better. It was a kind of a way to get to the sea. It was a good idea that did not work out.

Three years after having seen both the famous Well explorer H. M. Standish after exploring Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika, struck a river that the natives called the Inyanga at a point where it was about 140 yards wide. As the boat came upon it to find with the big river and to find out whether it flowed. He thought that it might possibly be the head waters of the Nile.

Beginning of a Great Venture

I'm working in a new unit with a large computer. I earn a steady income but my white companion that I met in the great plain nature. One day they left his land to obtain food and they only returned a couple of times in a week. I took a way through the forest and at the end I found carrying there canoes with the most beautiful things they could find. I was attacked by the very first of them. More than a third of the people were killed. I lost a lot of my white companion's canoes.

[illegible]



PYGMY ARCHERS WHO HUNT IN THE VAST
The pygmies or Batwa, are the most backward people of the Belgian Congo and are found in various parts of the country. The average height of the men is about 4 ft 6 ins, and that of the women 4 ft. Their sole occupation is hunting and they are extraordinarily skilful

FORESTS ABOUT THE WELLE RIVER, CONGO
in tracking game through the dark, swampy forests. Their chief weapon is the bow and arrow. They are nomadic people and make their encampments of round shelters wherever game is plentiful. The Batwa are usually a yellowish-brown in color and rather thin.

American Museum of Natural History



CHILDREN OF THE FRENCH CAMEROON LEARN A USEFUL TRADE

In order to spread civilization among the hitherto backward natives of the colony the French authorities encourage families to have their children trained in son profitable trade. This little group of young negroes is being taught how to spin cotton which has long been cultivated and promises to be a source of great prosperity.

It took his little flotilla of canoes more than seven months to paddle down that magnificent waterway through the primeval forest. In places it broadened out into an almost lake like expanse, numerous islands dotted its surface, rivulets, villages of basket work hut were constantly passed. At last on August 9th 1877 the expedition reached the port of Boma about seventy miles from the point where the mighty river empties itself into the Atlantic. The great secret of the Congo was then revealed.

A year later Leopold King of the Belgians formed an association for the fuller exploration of the Congo and its tributaries and for the opening up of the vast basin to commerce and civilization. It was proposed to make road and rail ways to place small steamers on the river to found trading stations and bring the tribes into peaceful relation ship with white men and with one another.

The Congo is one of the largest rivers in the world its length being some 3000

miles. Its basin covers such a vast area that if it could be laid upon Europe with its mouth in Spain its source would be far away in Asia Minor its northern tributaries would be in Scotland and Scandinavia and its southern tributaries in Italy, Corsica, Sardinia and Crete. This vast region is believed to have a population of about ten million. To secure peace and to help trade no fewer than 450 treaties were made with independent chief. As trade developed the main products proved to be palm oil and palm kernel, rubber, ivory and vegetable fibre.

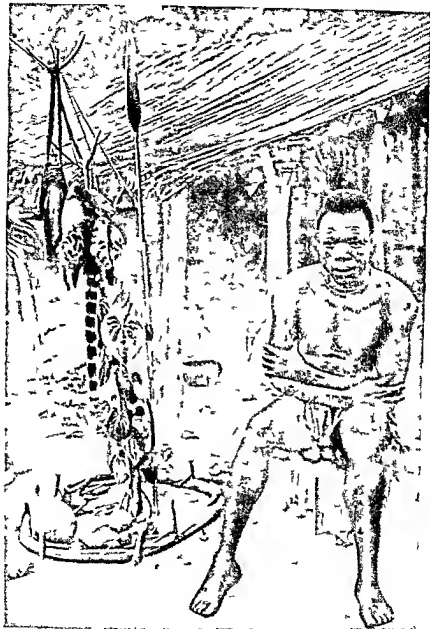
At first King Leopold's association was international but a years passed the Belgian influence increased and at last the Congo Free State became solely Belgian territory.

Who are the people of the Congo? Let us journey up the mighty river for say a thousand miles and visit one of their villages. The bank of the river are covered with dense forests, vegetation flourishes with tropical luxuriance.



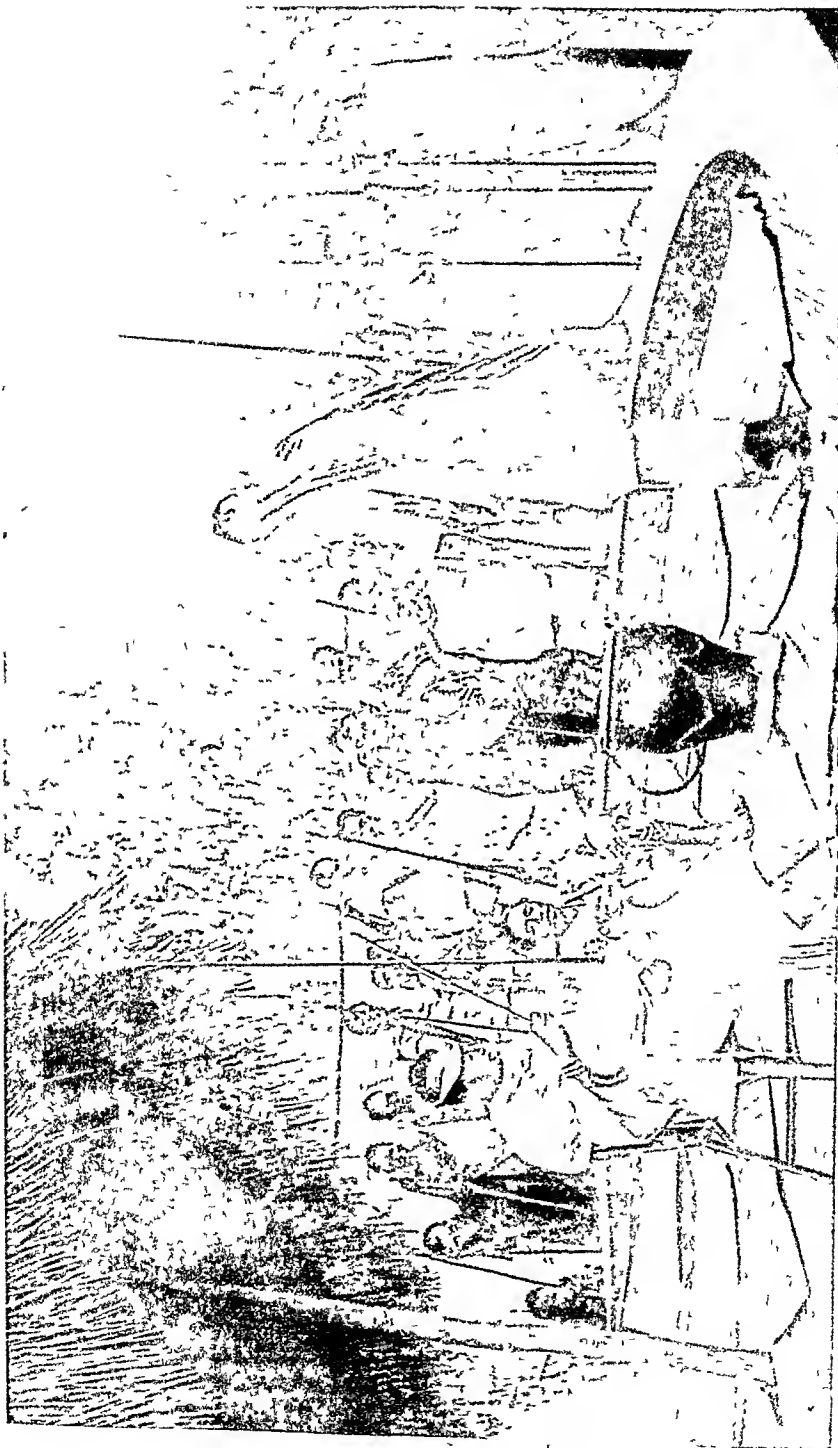
ARMOUR OF MAGIC WAR-PAINT SHIELDS THESE WARRIORS

When these warriors of the Belgian Congo prepare for a tribal fight they do not put their trust solely in their shields and weapons but daub themselves with magic paint that has been charmed by their magicians. Unfortunately, if the ene the paint is no protection at all. The blade of the spear stronger magic, that of a saw.



WITCH DOCTOR OF A VILLAGE IN "THE BELGIAN CONGO"

In many villages the witch doctor is the real chief, and rules his subjects by fear. He is usually a good deal more intelligent than the people whom he deceives with his conjuring tricks, hypnotism and legerdemain. He sells well and attracts to the simple and ignorant folk, and rids himself of his enemies by means of subtle poisons.



THE SUPREME CHIEF OF RUANDA, EASTERN CONGO, ADMINISTERING JUSTICE

Though Ruanda is in Belgian territory, the king still hears cases at his court. Here he is seated before the entrance to the royal enclosure, which is a maze of palisaded houses and gardens. The king belongs to the Watusi tribe which is the ruling class in Ruanda. The country, the former inhabitants remaining is slave tribes. Ruanda is the best and greatest of the kingdoms, ruled by negro monarchs.

Here and there villages peep out from amid the green foliage. Our little steamer blows her whistle as she approaches a village and in a moment we see dusky figures gathering on the beach.

Several dug out canoes put out to meet us but there is now no shower of arrows for the former warriors have become peaceable since her fall and among the river-side people cannibalism has almost disappeared—though it is still practised by some of the tribes along the tributaries.

Our steamer slows down drops its anchor and we go ashore. The people crowd around us moved by curiosity. The day has long passed when they feared the white man and thought him a god but a chance visit never fails to create excitement. They wear very little clothing and their chocolate brown bodies are tattooed. They have their front teeth filed to points like the teeth of a saw and their tribal marks are cut on their faces.

These marks are cut deeply in the flesh of the cheeks and forehead with a sharp iron instrument. It is a very painful process and not infrequently causes blood poisoning or lockjaw. The strange designs on their bodies are done in a similar way and to make the marks permanent the process has often to be repeated.

On every hand we notice evidences that this is a fishing village. Large and small dug out canoes are drawn up on the beach and the fishing nets attached to wooden frames are drying in the sun. Fish traps made of split bamboo or of the cane called rattan are in evidence. From one being dug out the day's catch of fish is just being landed and carried up to the village market.

Beyond the beach is the village with its two long rows of low huts built facing each other to form a street. The lower



MAN OF THE NIAM NIAM CARVING IVORY

Formerly the Niam Niam tribe was one of the fiercest in the Belgian Congo but under the Belgians they have given up man hunting. They are very skilful at carving as we can see by the work of this man.

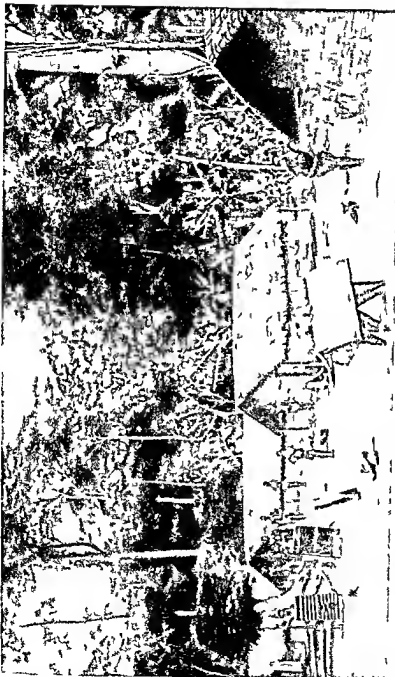
end opens on to the shore but the upper end is closed to enable the villagers to defend themselves in case they are attacked by neighbouring tribes. For behind the village is the vast forest that extends for hundreds of miles.

The huts are oblong and are made of bamboo and thatch. It is very interesting to watch the people building a hut. First a framework is erected, long bamboo poles being driven into the ground and lashed together with cross-pieces and fibre. Then the big thatched roof of dry palm leaves is added and lastly the framework walls are covered with coconut matting. Most of the huts have only one room and the furniture consists of a few mats of matting on the floor, a stool or two—made of bamboo or cut from a block of wood—and a number of gourd and earthenware vessels.

Near the houses a space has been cleared in the forest to make a garden.



FOUR UMBRELLAS GUARD THE STRANGELY ORNAMENTED GRAVE OF A CHIEF IN ANGOLA
 Many strange sights are to be seen in Portugal's West African colony, but surely none stranger than this. A chief is buried with elaborate ceremonies after his body has been enveloped in as many yards of cloth as can be afforded—should the man have been wealthy two hundred yards may be used. The natives believe that the dead will still require their belongings, so the grave is covered with all kinds of odds and ends which must be "killed" before they are placed there. Formerly slaves were not killed when their owner died.



NEAT DWELLINGS OF A TRIBE OF CANNIBALS WHO LIVE ON THE EDOL OF THE CONGO BASIN

open cultivate the gardens and carry the produce to the village, using big funnel-shaped baskets of split bamboo which they carry on their backs. They hoe the ground and gather in the produce, and their task is not a little ingenious for as a woman stoops to her work it is no uncommon thing for a leopard from the forest to spring upon her.

One strange custom is that the boys, while still quite young, leave home and join in building a hut and begin housekeeping for themselves. They provide themselves with food by catching fish, trapping birds, squirrels and monkeys, and they stretch strings from the trees to catch bats. One of their chief delights is ratting, and many a nice plump rat finds its way into their cooking pot. Large hairy caterpillars, ants and big beetles are also considered dainty morsels.

There are two people in the village we must certainly visit—the chief and the witch doctor—indeed, they will probably



WARRIOR SUBJECT OF FRANCE

This tall native of the French Congo lands, with his long, broad-bladed spear, is a born warrior. Fighting is the greatest pleasure of the wild tribesmen of this region.

be among the crowd of people that comes to the beach to greet us when we land. We exchange greetings, and then the chief leads us to his dwelling or the public "palaver house," where he holds a reception in our honour.

Two or three European camp-chairs are brought out of the dark recesses of some hut and placed for us, while the chief takes his seat on a stool or in a hammock. We again exchange greetings, tell the chief why we have come to his village and make him a little present—possibly a hatchet, a piece of cloth or even an alarm clock. In return, he gives us some bananas, eggs, yams, coconuts, a couple of chickens or perhaps a goat.

The other important man is the witch doctor. He is the priest of the village and scarcely less powerful than the chief himself. The people fear him because they believe that he has power to command the evil spirits that are everywhere. He sells charms

to protect them from wild beasts, snakes, sickness, evil spirits and evil men.

The people also think that he can inflict all manner of evil upon them, that he can bring dreadful diseases upon the village or cause a man to die. He is usually a cunning rogue, able to m

IV THE HEART OF AFRICA

powerful poisons and a certainly a man to be greatly feared.

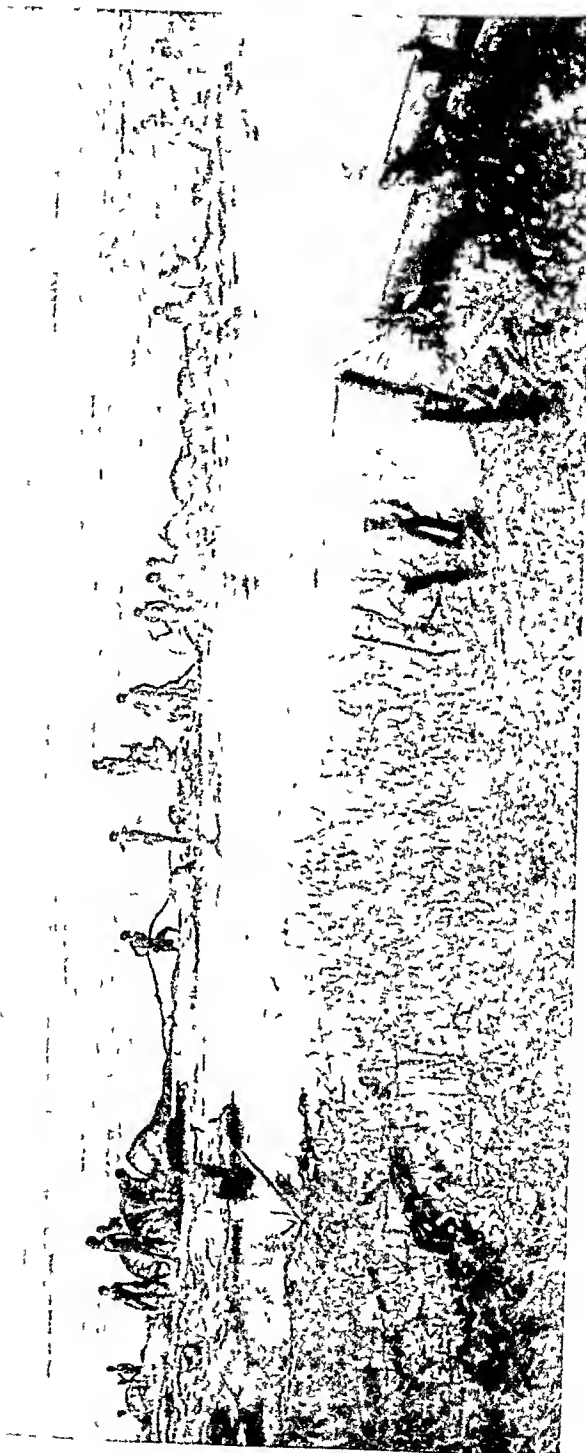
The Congo basin is inhabited by very many tribes quite different from one another and speaking different languages. Some villages are not at all like the one we have described and the customs vary in the different parts. The different tribes

however are usually very much the same. In some parts the villages consist of one hut that often covers several miles in length. In some places when a man dies a number of his wives and slaves are buried with him so that he may have them to work for him in the spirit world to which he has gone.



RIVER OF ANGOLA SPANNED BY A FLIMSY BRIDGE OF CREEPERS

When the natives of Angola wish to build a bridge they go into the forest and cut down some of the creepers that are to be found on all sides. From these they make the bridge which is suspended from tree-trunk on either bank. It is not easy to pass over one of these bridges as the footway is narrow and uneven.



NATIVES FISHING WITH BASKETS IN THE RAPIDS OF THE UBANGI RIVER AT BANYZVILLE
 The Ubangi River is a tributary of the mighty Congo and much of it is navigable. Canoes and river-steamers ply to and fro on its placid surface carrying the vegetable and mineral wealth of forests, plantations and mines to the towns from which it will be exported. At Banyzville in the Belgian Congo, however, the rapids make the river impassable for shipping although the natives appreciate them very much indeed. They use several wide-mouthed tapering baquets or baskets the rapids and to trap the fish that attempt to swim downstream.

For centuries there were rumours that a race of very small black people existed in the heart of Africa and many old travellers and historians mentioned these dwarfs. In modern times several explorers heard of them in various parts of the Continent. Then in 1878 Stanley, while passing through a vast forest between the Congo and Lake Albert, found considerable numbers of these little people. Some of them were only thirty-three inches in height and none was more than four feet six inches.

These forest dwarfs or pygmies, as they are often called, dwell in villages of small grass huts shaped like bee hives. Stanley found one village of thirty-two huts—probably inhabited by ninety-two families. The pygmies were very shy and always deserted their villages as Stanley's men approached, but from time to time a few were captured and examined. They were so small that the explorer often thought his scouts had caught some children until it was evident that they were full-grown men and women. Thus another secret of the Congo was revealed.

The vast basin of the Congo does not all belong to Belgium. More than thirty years before Stanley unveiled the secrets of the river the French had settlement on the Gabon River some five hundred miles north of the mouth of the Congo. As the years passed diminished French explorers opened up the whole of the Gabon River and its tributaries, thus extending French influence until it reached the northern bank of the Congo itself and its largest tributary the Ubangi.

The northern bank of the Congo from below Stanley Pool to the Ubangi adds a distance of four hundred miles to France's



NATIVE WIRELESS IN ANGOLA

After we see the morse or message drum used by the Zombi Indians. By beating upon the wooden instrument the natives can send messages in code for long distances. News travels very rapidly by this means.

Thence the whole northern bank of the Ubangi French to the borders of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Thus almost all the northern tributaries of the Congo flow through French territory.

While many northern tributaries of the Congo and French possess some of the southern tributaries rise in Portuguese soil. In the eighteenth century when the mariners and soldier-adventurers of Portugal found that the way up the main river was blocked by rapid, they turned their attention to the country immediately to the south—the dominion of that king,

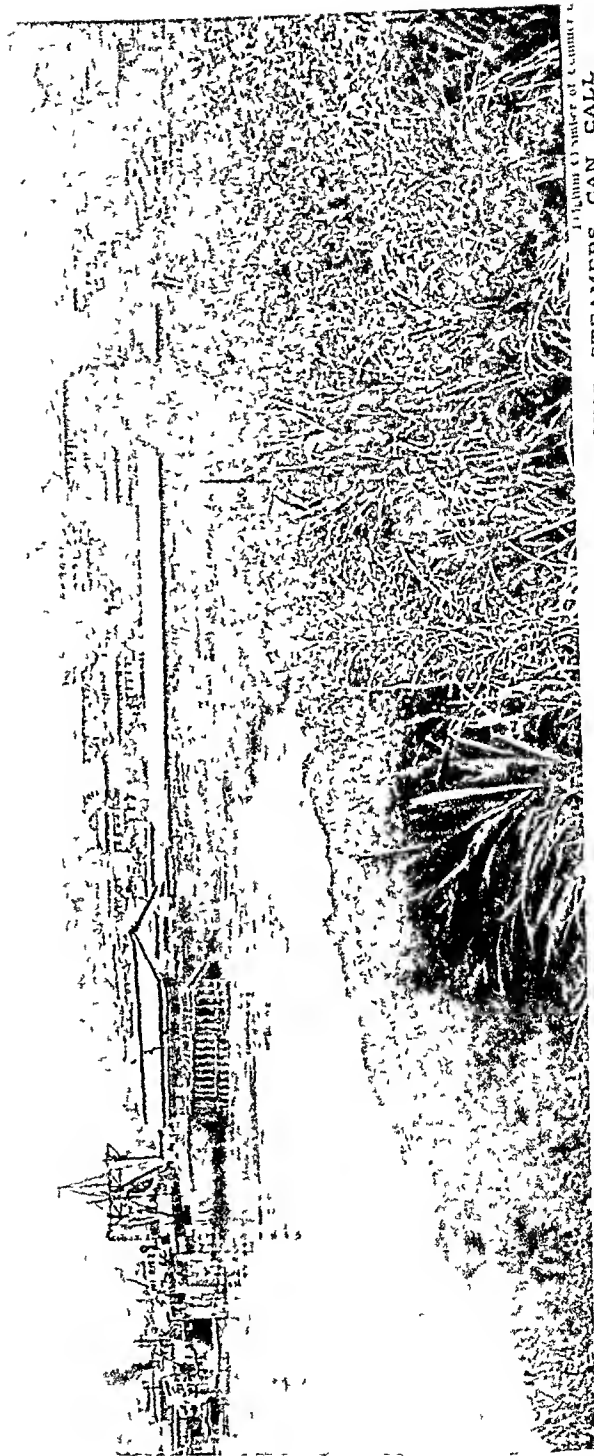
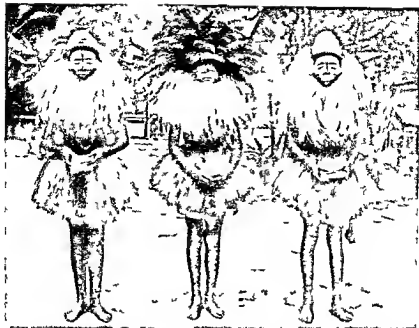


Figure 1. Harbor of Matadi.

MATADI, IN THE BELGIAN CONGO, A BUSY PORT AT WHICH OCEAN-GOING STEAMERS CAN CALL

Although seventy miles from the ocean, Matadi ranks as a seaport, since it lies on the River Congo, up which ocean-going ships come directly to its wharves. The voyage is difficult for a steamer, which is also in oil pipe between Matadi and Leopoldville, but it is also in oil pipe between Matadi and Leopoldville, which oil is pumped to the former.



YOUTHS OF ANGOLA WEARING MASKS AND QUAINT COSTUMES

In most African tribes the initiation of young men who have come of age into the full right of manhood is accompanied by such elaborate ceremony. In Angola or Portuguese West Africa the youths who take part in the rites of initiation wear white masks that artfully carry on but hide the face and ruffs and skirts of frayed leaves

of kongo already mentioned. Long years of commerce and exploration of conquest and colonization have resulted in the establishment of Portuguese rule over a vast tract of country known as Angola. It has a coastline of 1,000 miles and extends inland for more than 1,500 miles. Its total area is estimated at 484,000 square miles and its population at well over 4,000,000. It is Portugal's largest foreign possession.

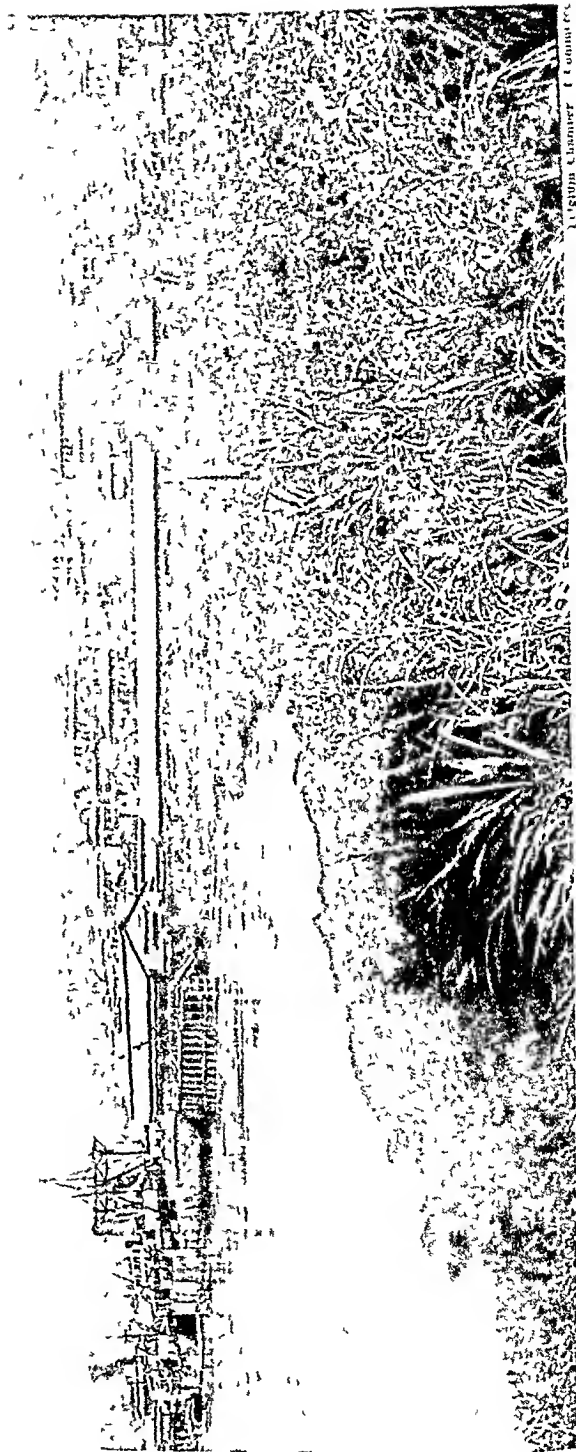
Most of Angola is well watered and is covered with the same luxuriant tropical vegetation as the rest of the Congo basin. Yams, tobacco, cotton, rice, indigo and sugar grow well but owing to Portuguese mismanagement the huge territory is very largely undeveloped. There are very few white people at present in the colony.

In both the French and the Portuguese Congo possessions the natives are of the same race as are those of the Belgian

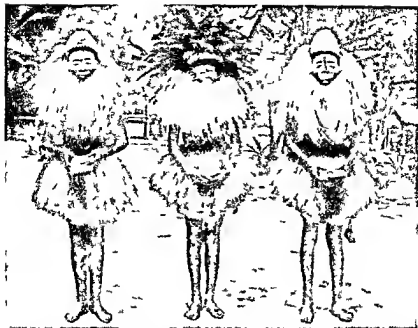
territories. They all belong to the great Bantu family and are black-skinned and largely uncivilized. Their villages, customs and manner of life, though related, are those of the main Congo tribe.

In the past both Angola and the French Congo territories were notorious for their connection with the slave traffic and it took many years to suppress that evil.

Loanda was a Portuguese settlement as early as 1576 to day it is the capital of Angola. It was here that Livingstone reached the coast after his first journey across Africa. The port has a fine but somewhat antiquated harbour. Brazza-ville is the capital of the French Middle Congo colony. Both towns are the starting place of railway running up country. All the Congo countries are rich in natural resources and it remains to be seen what the white man will make of the almost measureless opportunities that lie before him in these wonderful regions.



MATADI, IN THE BELGIAN CONGO, A BUSY PORT AT WHICH OCEAN-GOING STEAMERS CAN CALL
 Although seventy miles from the ocean, Matadi ranks as a seaport, of the country such as ivory, rubber, diamonds, and palm-oil are carried to the water front in an oil pipe between Matadi and Leopoldville. Therein which oil is pumped to the form of



YOUTHS OF ANGOLA WEARING MASKS AND QUIANT COSTUMES

In most African tribes the initiation of young men into the full rights of manhood is accompanied by much elaborate ceremony. In Angola or Portuguese West Africa the youths who take part in the rites of initiation wear white masks that are skillfully carved but hideous and frightful of frayed leaves

of kongo already mentioned. Long years of commerce and exploration of conquest and colonization have resulted in the establishment of Portuguese rule over a vast tract of country known as Angola. It has a coastline of 1,000 miles and extends inland for more than 1,500 miles. Its total area is estimated at 445,000 square miles and its population at well over 4,000,000. It is Portugal's largest foreign possession.

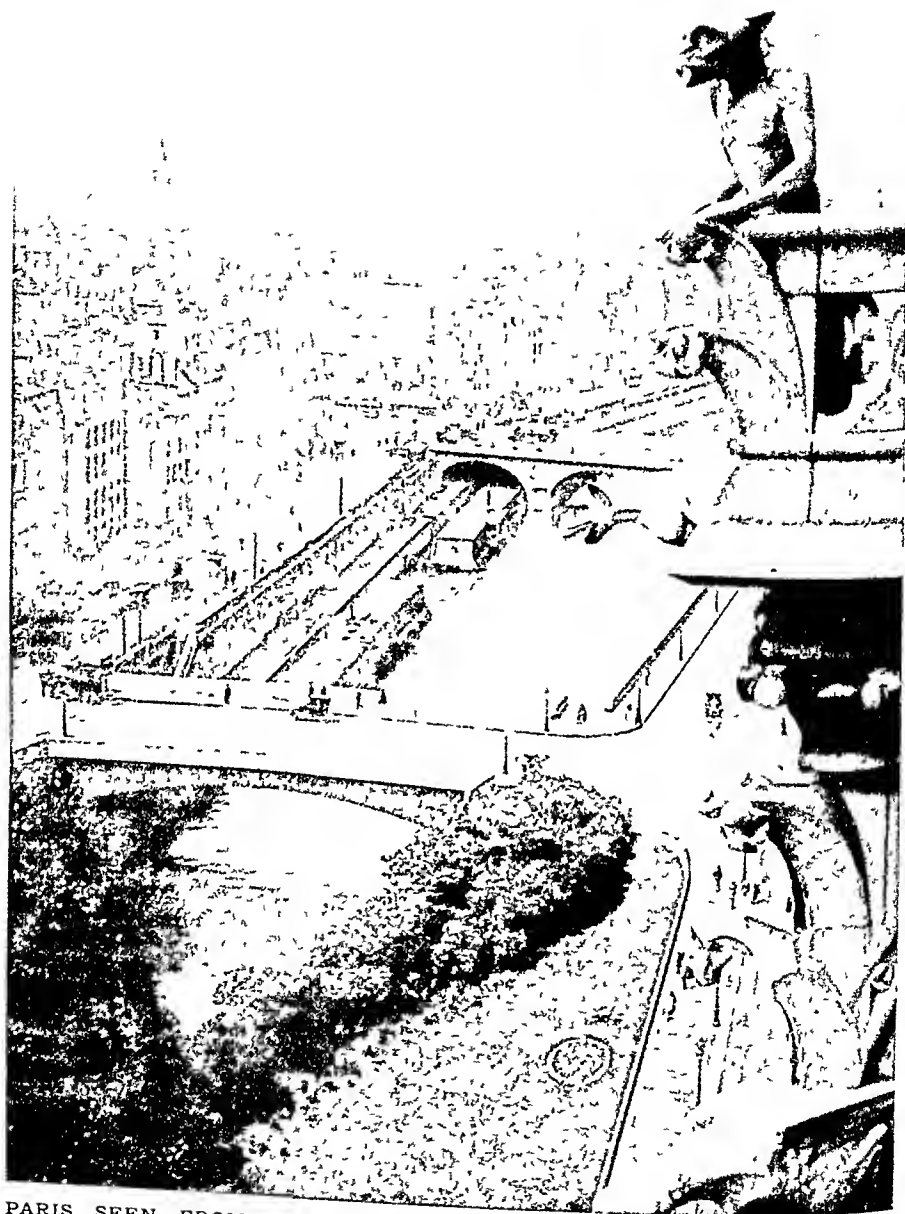
Most of Angola is well watered and is covered with the same luxuriant tropical vegetation as the rest of the Congo basin. Yams, tobacco, cotton, rice, indigo and sugar grow well but owing to Portuguese mismanagement this huge territory is very largely undeveloped. There are very few white people at present in the colony.

In both the French and the Portuguese Congo possessions the natives are of the same race as are those of the Belgian

territories. They all belong to the great Bantu family and are black-skinned and largely uncivilized. Their villages, their customs and manner of life strongly resemble those of the main Congo tribes.

In the past both Angola and the French Congo territories were notorious for their connection with the slave traffic and it took many years to suppress that evil.

Luanda was a Portuguese settlement as early as 1578 and is the capital of Angola. It was here that Livingstone reached the coast after his first journey across Africa. The port has a fine but somewhat antiquated harbour. Brazzaville is the capital of the French Middle Congo colony. Both towns are the starting place of railways running up country. All the Congo countries are rich in natural resources and it remains to be seen whether the white man will make of the abundant measureless opportunities that he before him in these wonderful regions.



PARIS SEEN FROM THE MUCH DECORATED ROOF OF NOTRE DAME
 From this vantage point, near one of the many hideous gargoyles that adorn Notre Dame, we look westwards across the city to the slender Eiffel Tower. To the left of it we see the spire of St Germain-des-Près, the most ancient church in Paris, and, to the left again, the dome of the Hotel des Invalides where Napoleon I is buried

A City of Enchantment

PARIS A CAPITAL THAT CHARMS THE WORLD

Th P ans et m l t the city is th m n l of F an e Th wh te c n try
th v sa looks to the c p tal for gu d nee n all important m it r f t l
hfe a d certa nly s a cent e of go n nt le mung sc n l th t
l ris xe res a ry deti influ m l l nch affa rs To t schools
and tell g s student on e from ryp st of th l n l d in leed—so gr t
is th r put t n of Paris—I on all o e the world Ther s h lse that
attracts u to la lo e e s we h l r al n ths hpt fr t a e v
gav d erv beaut f l city with a lo g and tful hsto

PARIS has a very powerful fascination that all its own. Its very name carries a suggestion of romance. When we hear it we think of the Three Musketeers of wars and ages of the past of gaiety and dazzling splendour. When we go there it may disappoint us a little at first—but only at first. Whether we visit the old beautiful Paris with its grey buildings and air of courtliness or the new gay Paris with its theatres and shops and tourists we usually fall in love with the city. If we do not then we are altogether lacking in imagination.

Paris may be described as a city of the world and not merely of France. People of every continent race and nation visit it almost as a duty. It has been said that if we want to meet anybody whose whereabouts we do not know we have only to wait at some central point in Paris and that sooner or later our friend will come to our waiting place.

A City of Infinite Variety

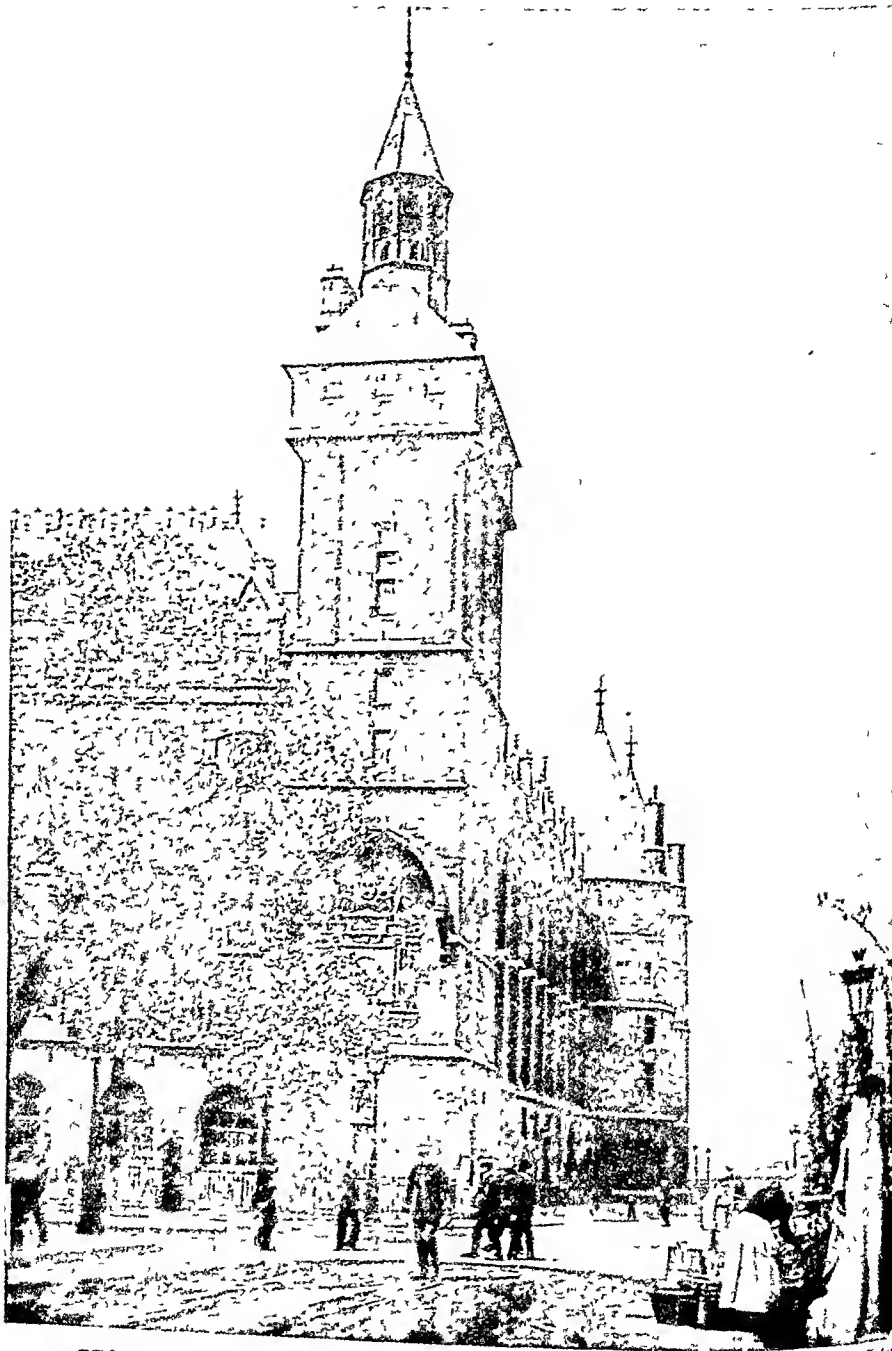
What makes Paris a magnet to draw people from all over the earth? I think its charm lies in the fact that it is a city of infinite variety. It has innumerable aspects and each contrast sharply with some other. Paris is not only the city of the French gay room and a violent and very tragic fort, but also one of the gayest of cities. It contains the vilest of haunts and the loveliest of parks and gardens, the narrowest of insanitary houses (although they are happily becoming more and more uncommon) and the most splendid of palaces. It is a great manufacturing town, a centre of education and of art and a vast museum of history.

The gaiety of Paris is one of its chief attractions although of course by no means the greatest. Nor is the gaiety confined to tourists as so many English visitors declare. The Parisians work as hard as most people but they enjoy themselves even more wholeheartedly. On a summer morning the floating swimming bath that are moored to the banks of the Seine are filled with clerk and shop attendant having a plunge before going to work. The crowd that arrives from the suburbs is very much more merry than similar English crowds.

Scene of Tragic Fame

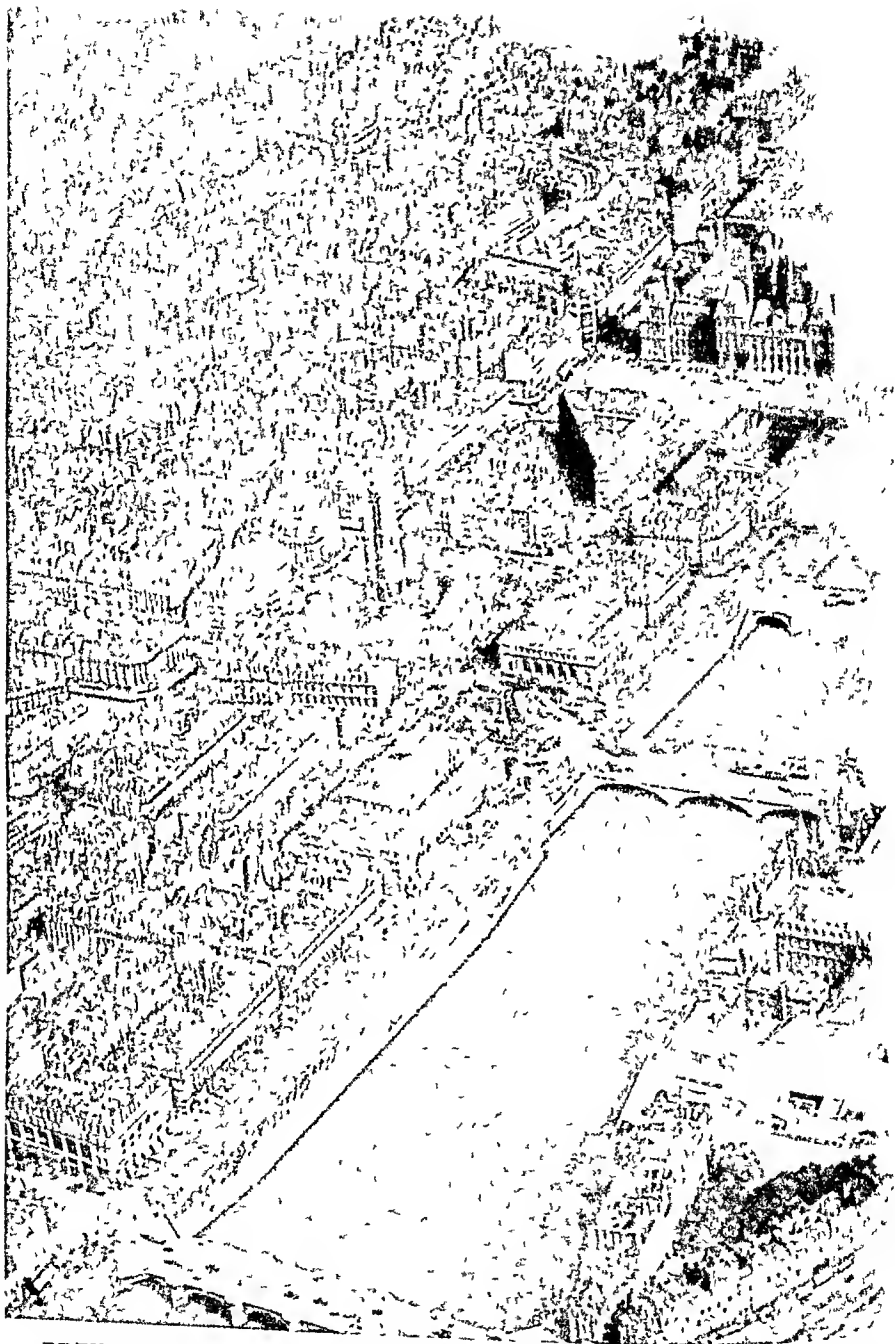
We shall not follow the busy people to their offices, shops and factories; the conditions there are not very different from those existing in any other great city. Instead we may join a party of sight-seer and stroll along those wide very pleasant streets known as the Grands (Great) Boulevards. We notice immediately the gay little kiosks at which we can buy new paper and magazines of every kind. They stand near the side of the pavement like large pillar boxes.

We begin our walk at the Madeleine, a very beautiful church from whose steps we can catch a view of the Grand Canal with its fountains and Lavoirs (washing places). A very lovely square it is to-day—one of the finest in the world—although English visitors unaccustomed to the speed of Parisian taxis must wish that it contained more refuse for timid walkers. The history of the Place is, however, darkened by tragedy. Here the guillotine under whose knife perished King Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette and hundreds of

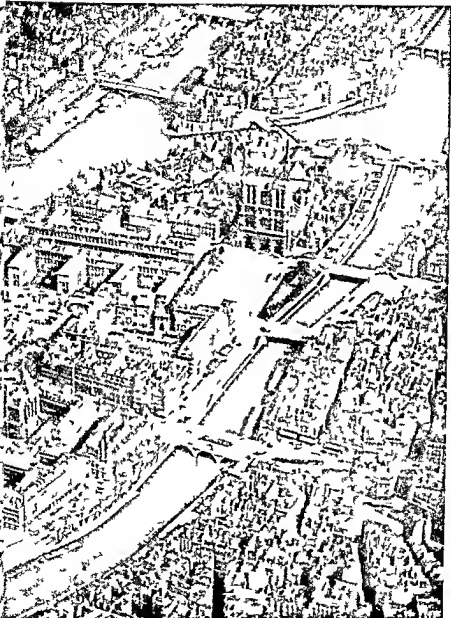


GRIM PRISON THAT HAS PLAYED ITS PART IN HISTORY

The Conciergerie is part of the Palace of Justice, and is, perhaps, the most famous prison in the world. Here were confined Queen Marie Antoinette, Robespierre and many other great figures of the French Revolution. The bell of the square tower in the foreground sounded to warn people of the Massacre of St Bartholomew in 1572.



BETWEEN TWO ARMS OF THE SEINE, THE ISLE OF THE CITY-
The boat-shaped Isle of the City, which we see here from an aeroplane, is the oldest part of Paris. At the near end of the island is the Palace of Justice, a great, almost square block of buildings. Among them is the Sainte Chapelle, described in page 1789, which we recognize by its high, narrow form, its gleaming roof and its little slender spire.



—ON WHICH ARE MANY OF THE FAMOUS BUILDINGS OF PARIS

To the left of the Sainte Chapelle is the Conciergerie (see page 182). Beyond the Palace of Justice to the left is the Tribunal of Commerce and beyond that a large hospital the Hôtel Dieu which was founded about A.D. 660. In the right foreground is an empty white square in front of it is the magnificent medieval cathedral of Notre Dame.

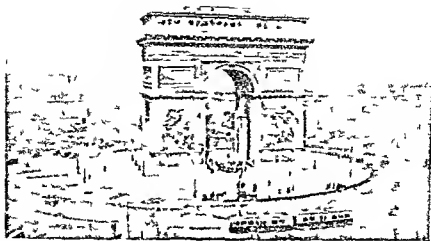


McLeish

ARCH PAISED BY NAPOLEON I. IN THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL TO COMMEMORATE HIS VICTORIES

The Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel is a model of the Arch of Severus at Rome. On it are a bronze equestrian statue of Napoleon I. and a group of statues representing great events in his career. The arch was once the principal entrance to the Louvre.

courtyard of the Tuileries a great pleasure-palace of the kings of France that was burnt in the nineteenth century. The gardens of the Tuileries are still in existence however, and we can still enter them by passing under the arch. On the right is a part of the Louvre



MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THE MILITARY GLORY OF FRANCE

The Arc de Triomphe has a wonderful position in the Place de l'Etoile on the summit of a little hill at the western end of the long avenue of the Champs Elysees. It was originally built to celebrate the victories of the armies of France under Napoleon I. The tomb of the French Unknown Warrior of the Great War is beneath the main arch.

humble victim was set up during the French Revolution.

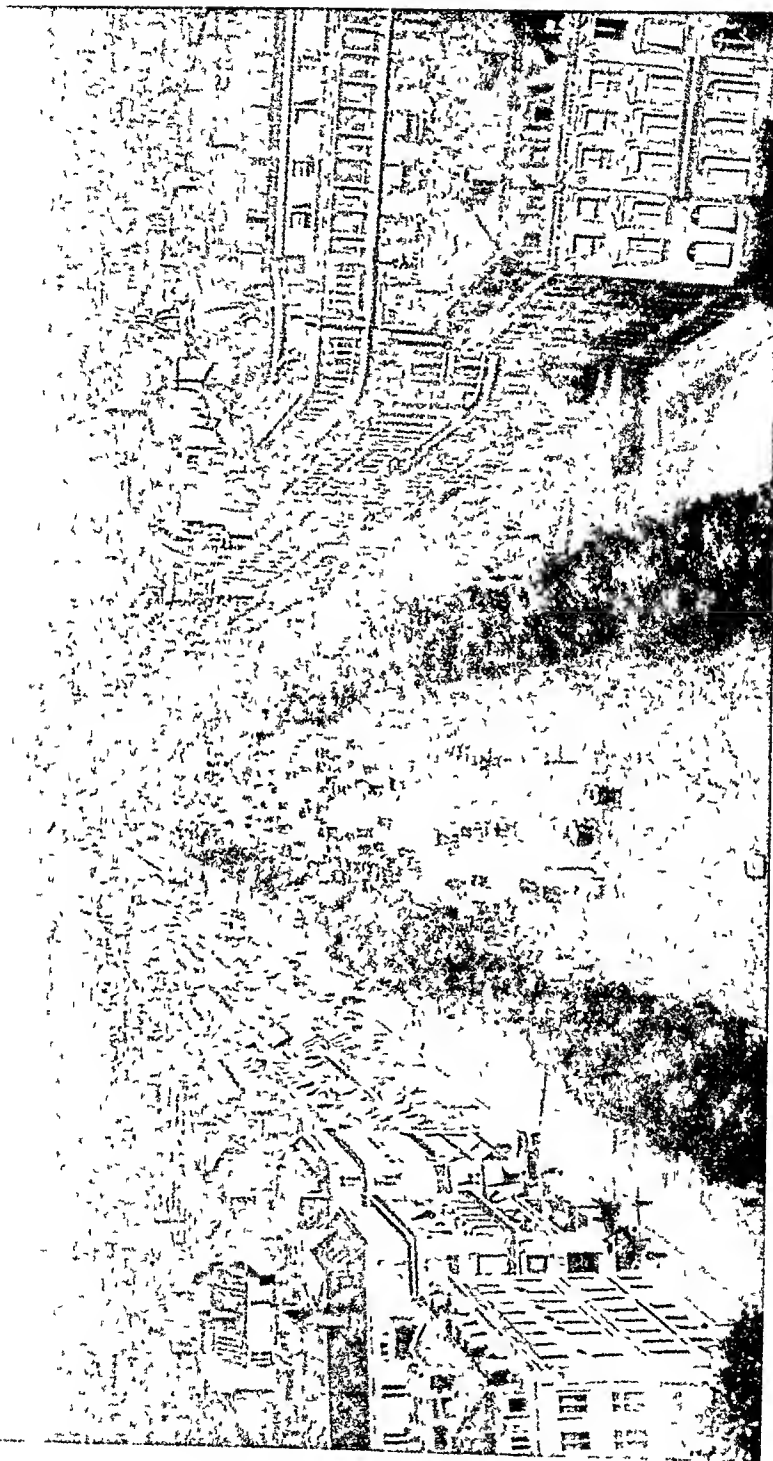
Having proceeded along the Boulevard de la Madeleine we come to the Boulevard des Italiens and here (if such things can interest us when we have a great city to explore) we see those elegant crowds that set the fashion in dress for the Western world. How many cafes we pass and how crowded they all are! In front of each little table and chairs are set on the pavement under an awning. We presently come to the Boulevard Montmartre and if we are wise we shall climb Montmartre Hill to view Paris from the huge modern church of the Sacre Coeur.

Having seen the city from this magnificent viewpoint we return once more to the Boulevard and make our way to the Porte St Denis. This is a very elaborate triumphal arch erected to commemorate the victories of Louis XIV. It is called—the Sun King. It is on the site of one of the old gates of Paris. It was a very important gate for through which the French king made their first entry into their capital after their accession to the throne, and through it they were born again

when their return was taken to the royal burial place in the church of St Denis.

When evening falls and Paris is jewelled with twinkling lights we may follow our tourist again and visit one of the many theatres or the great Opera House where we should enjoy some marvellously produced. Instead however let us go to one of the less fashionable cafes where we can sit among real Parisians. Here we can whilst listening to a band whilst they drink coffee or fruit syrups or groups of friends who come to the same table sit after night to talk and play games. Or we might go to a haunt of artists to hear poets recite their own verses and musicians sing their own praises. Wherever we go Paris will enchant us.

We have said already that it is a great centre of education and of art. Its university the Sorbonne was a famous place of learning, before either Oxford or Cambridge was founded and is still attended by very many foreign students. The district in which it is on the left or southern bank of the Seine is known as the Students or the Latin Quarter. As



LOOKING EASTWARDS ALONG THE AVENUE OF THE CHAMPS ELYSEES TO THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE
A straight, tree fringed thoroughfare over a mile long, the Avenue of the Champs Elysees runs from the Arc de Triomphe to the wide, beautiful Place de la Concorde, beyond which are the gardens of the Tuileries and the Louvre On both sides of a stretch of the avenue are pleasant parks, among which is a tree-dotted space that makes a favourite playground for Parisian children Here are roundabouts, swings, sweetmeat-sellers and booths in which quaint, brightly-coloured puppets perform the most absurd and diverting plays

we wander through its narrow old streets lined with bookshops and queer dingy restaurants we can be sure that we are walking in the footsteps of scholars, scientists and writers whose names are known in every civilized land.

Almost as famous as the Sorbonne is the School of Fine Arts. There are probably more artists in Paris than in any other city in the world and if we were to inquire we should find that many of the great painters and sculptors of every nation have received one of their trainings here. Paris however is not only the home of living artists: it is also a museum of art.

Treasures of Art in a King's Palace

On the opposite side of the Seine to that of the Latin Quarter is the Louvre which houses one of the finest art collections in the world. Apart from the treasures that it contains the Louvre is one of the most interesting buildings in Paris. A palace of the French kings in the days before France became a republic it is magnificent and stately and graceful beyond imagination. It is much more beautiful than the other buildings of the city that were once royal residences—the Luxembourg Palace, the Palais Royal (Royal Palace) or the Palace of the Eliseé where the French President now lives. As we turn from the busy streets into the quiet court of the Louvre we cannot but be moved by the grandeur that surrounds us.

There is only one building in Paris that equals the Louvre in magnificence and that is the cathedral of Notre Dame. It stands on an island in the middle of the Seine and we can see its two rather squat towers from distant parts of the city. We do not however realize its majesty until we approach it. Then we not only appreciate its massiveness and architectural beauty but see the wonderful carvings that everywhere adorn it. However often we may have visited the cathedral we always enter its vast dim interior with reverence. From one of the towers of Notre Dame

we see on our right front when we look westward the Palace of Justice the rather grim exterior of which conceals an exquisite jewel—the Sainte Chapelle an old church that many would consider one of the most perfect in existence. On our left front we notice at the distance the great golden dome of the Invalid gleaming in the sun.

Long and Romantic History of Paris

Beneath the dome is the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon I. Owing to the colour of the glass in the window the visit chamber always seems to be flooded with warm mellow light no matter how grey the sky may be. In a kind of open vault stand a huge red sarcophagi very impressive in its simplicity and in the were placed the bones of the Emperor.

Something of the fascination of Paris is due to her long and romantic history. It has been said wittily and wisely that the history of Paris is the history of France. This does not only mean that we can understand the history of the country better by studying that of the capital but also that Paris has played a very important part in making the history of the country. Because of it never it was an important town at an early date and in Roman days—it was then called Lutetia—it was comparatively civilized and prosperous.

A Capital for 1400 Years

The founder of the French monarchy Clovis the Frank made it his chief city in 508. Except for a short period during the fifteenth century when the French held it Paris has been the capital of France ever since. In the Middle Ages it university brought it fame and its trade brought it wealth then the cathedral of Notre Dame was built. But its magnificence dates from the period of the Renaissance when the Hotel de Clugny was built and the Louvre begun later under Louis XIV who built the palace of Versailles a few miles from the city. Paris became the centre of civilization. It was in Paris that nearly all the

A CITY OF ENCHANTMENT

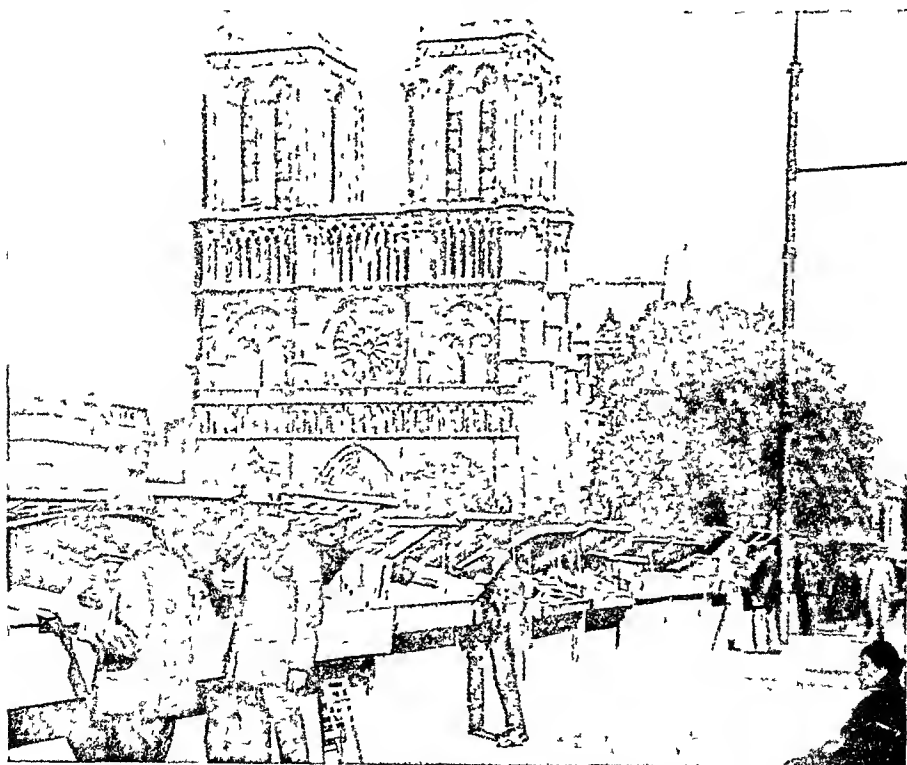
great events of the French Revolution took place. If we visit the city on the 14th of July we find it hung with flags, and everybody makes merry. This holiday commemorates the capture by the Paris mobs of the Bastille, the grim prison that was a symbol to the French people of the tyranny under which they suffered. The building was completely destroyed, but we can visit its site—the present Place of the Bastille.

Napoleon I did much to beautify his capital, building the Arc de Triomphe as a monument to France's military glory. Under this great arch is the grave of the French Unknown Warrior. After the defeat of the Emperor at Waterloo, Paris was humiliated by the entrance into it of the victorious British and Prussians.

It soon recovered, however, and under Napoleon III. it became very gay and prosperous. In 1870 it was besieged by the Prussian armies, and resisted fiercely.

Even after it had surrendered in 1871, the troubles of Paris were not at an end. The Communists attempted to seize the city, and for two months waged war in the streets. The damage that they did to buildings was irreparable. The suppression of these rebels brought peace to the city, however, and although it was shelled and bombed by the Germans during the Great War, it was not seriously harmed.

Once again Paris is at peace and is recovering all its gaiety. Its charm is as compelling as ever, whoever doubts it has only to visit the city to be converted and to become its lover.



RIVERSIDE BOOKSTALLS HAUNTED BY BARGAIN SEEKERS

On the left bank of the River Seine, from the Pont Double, near Notre Dame, to the Quai d'Orsay, very many dealers in second-hand books have their little stalls fixed to the stone parapet overlooking the river. Great bargains may often be found at them.

Behind the stalls shown here we see the front of Notre Dame, with its two towers

Galloway

What Other People Eat

COOKERY AND COOKS FROM FAR AND NEAR

All kinds of things must eat and drink or they will die but no animal eats so
 great a variety of foods—so many kinds—a man will find it
 difficult to find a man who does not eat part of the food that he finds
 of a man on the whole for instance he would not eat the whole of
 what he kills. Some of the most famous of the world's great chefs
 of the Middle Ages would not eat anything but meat and drink
 and this is the way it is still in some parts of the world.

WHEN we hear complaints about the difficulty of finding good cooks in countries like Great Britain where inventors have done so much to help the cook by producing marvellous things in the way of cooking appliances we may wonder how it is that people who are less fortunately placed are able to prepare anything that they can eat. Yet in less favoured countries we often find that the cookery is almost invariably satisfactory and that all cooks are clever. The method followed may be primitive but the results are all that can be desired.

An example of this is the story told by a very old lady who during her early married life went to live in Texas which was then a region of vast wheatfields and ranches. She found there but one kind of cooking vessel—an iron pot with a tripod which had to be buried in hot ashes with more embers heaped over it. When first she saw this she said that her despair of ever producing a good loaf or a well roasted joint but she soon had to admit that in some singular way this method of cooking brought out the flavour of the fowl or meat as no other method she had known had ever done.

A Pie with a Crust of Clay

Another simple mode of cooking is that of the hunter who builds a big bonfire to obtain a thick bed of red hot ashes and embers. While waiting for that to burn he makes a paste of wet clay to encase his food. He takes care to let out the blood but does not trouble to remove the fat or fur. As soon as the fire has burnt through he buries the clay pie in the embers and leaves it for an hour or perhaps two. When the ball of clay is broken open

the fatter or fur comes away with it leaving the flesh of the bird or animal perfectly cooked.

There is still another way still well employed by folk who live very much in the open air. They pave their cooking place with smooth flat stones or beat them until it is very hard and smooth. Here they build a fire and when it has burnt out they sweep the place clean by the aid of the goat or the goat's tongue or gramin cover it thickly first with leaves then with the hot ashes and lay it to bake.

Crude Methods in Modern Kitchens

For centuries and charcoal burners were the first to discover how well any good hot cooking—hot embers—fire and iron and iron and in many a far East and Italian kitchen to-day a brazier preferred by the skilled cook to either a gas or even an electric apparatus. In the Italian kitchen there is generally an old man or woman who helps to keep the embers red hot by blowing the bellows. The French chef too will often prefer to use his bellows as the Latin is called when he wants to make a really good omelette. Thus in the most modern cities there is something left of the primitive and we are not therefore surprised to learn that the Lusitanian primitive brazier from a belatedly grown cake bread.

In the Caucasus one of the greatest delicacies is meat grilled over a hot charcoal fire. The meat is very fresh killed and is cut into cubes which are placed on an iron skewer. The skewer is laid over the red hot embers until the meat is sufficiently cooked.

In Hungary a very popular dish is gulya. This consists of beef or mutton



INDIANS OF BENGAL USE BANANA LEAVES AS PLATES

Barber

Knives and forks and plates are dispensed with by the peasants in India. They put their curry and rice upon a leaf and squat before it, conveying the food to their mouths with the right hand. They have only two meals a day, one in the morning and another in the evening. The Hindus eat no meat, in accordance with their religion.



CUSTOMERS GATHERED AT AN OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT IN NAPLES

E. N. A.

People who patronise this restaurant must either eat out of their hands or wait till one of the few plates is not in use. Many of the Italian dishes are flavoured with garlic, which having a very strong, onion-like smell and taste, makes them rather unpalatable to many people who are unaccustomed to such methods of cooking.



LITTLE BOWLS OF RICE APPEAR AT ALL MEALS IN SIAM

With the Siamese as with nearly all Eastern races rice is the staple food and a bowl or two of it will form a meal. The rice these people are eating is probably the white color as it will not be so common as the brown kind. As a rule the grain is well boiled in water and then heaped up into the bowl.



COOKS BUSY PREPARING FOOD FOR AN HAWAIIAN BANQUET

One of the favorite dishes of the Hawaiian people is the pig cooked by the earth oven. The

fast in the Hawaiian Islands is a period of seven days which are made red with a great deal of food which is a very important part of the feast.



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With the Siamese as with nearly all Eastern races rice is the staple food and he takes two of it all from a meal. The rice these people eat has a peculiar yellow colour as it will not be so clean as the rice we know. As a rule the grain is planted in water and then heaped up into the fields.



COOKS BUSY PREPARING FOOD FOR AN HAWAIIAN BANQUET

One of the favourite dishes at a feast in the Hawaiian Islands is a pig roasted with the pig's head being placed on stones, which are made red-hot in a clay oven. The Hawaiians are very fond of luau, which is a word of the same meaning as feast, to which each guest contributes some kind of food.



KOREAN FAMILY READY TO DO AMPLE JUSTICE TO THE MARVELLOUS FEAST BEFORE THEM

Though the family is very large, only gigantic appetites will enable them to make any impression upon the piles of sweetmeats, fruits and nuts that have been placed before them. A Korean fast lasts throughout the day, so the participants have an opportunity to recover their

appetites for a fresh onslaught upon the vands. Usually the food of the Koreans is plain. The principal item of diet is rice. A popular dish called kimche consists of cabbages mixed with red pepper oysters, oil and garlic, the mixture being kept for two months



Underwood

TAKING A MEAL IN A SPOTLESSLY CLEAN JAPANESE INN

Before the "nesan," or waitress, is a wooden tub of rice, and upon the low table and the trays may be some delicacies such as boiled fish, sweet potatoes, shrimps, water-melon, rice cakes, and beans and prunes in sugar. Pale tea will also be served as a matter of course. High tables are seldom found in Japan, and cushions serve as chairs.

cut into cubes, with fried bacon and onions added and a flavouring of caraway seeds, spices and paprika, or red pepper. The mixture is put into a pot and stewed slowly. When it is nearly cooked, raw potatoes, cut into cubes, are put in and the stewing is continued. A little salt is added with the potatoes, but not before.

What surprises us most of all when we go abroad, especially among the people of European countries, is the extraordinarily simple fare that satisfies most of them. It is only on feast days that we find extravagance or variety. A

Spaniard, for instance, even of quite high rank, has his morning cup of chocolate, with a morsel of dry bread and a glass of water at eight. At about one o'clock he takes his heaviest meal, which consists of broth with vegetables, very like the Frenchman's "bouillon," followed by another dish of vegetables and fruit. A cup of coffee is drunk in the afternoon, and supper consists of cooked vegetables, lettuce salads, cheese and fruit.

In Italy, too, meals are quite simple affairs among the workers. A group of labourers, for instance, will squat

down and share a loaf of dry dark looking bread a piece of cheese and a flask of wine. If some fruit is to be had well and good. If not an onion or a bit of garlic or a few ripe olives will serve as a relish.

As a rule the peasants get very little fresh milk or fresh meat. Their bread is

made chiefly of rye flour which is sometimes mixed with maize or barley. In some parts of France the people live for months on chestnut eating, or on a vegetable or grinding them into flour for bread. In the lands of southern Europe olive oil often takes the place of butter. The hard, unleavened bread-cake is



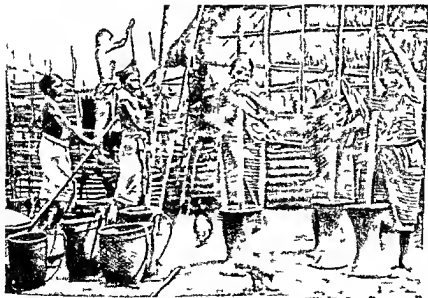
INDIAN OF BRAZIL SQUEEZING THE POISON FROM HER FOOD

The root of the manioc or cassava plant contains prussic acid which is a deadly poison. In order to get rid of the poison the peeled roots are put to a great cylinder on end of which is attached to a movable pole. The girl is moving the pole up and down which causes the cylinder to contract and expand so squeezing out the poisonous juice.



NATURE'S OVENS IN THE SOIL OF VOLCANIC ICELAND

Iceland contains many volcanoes and hot springs, and in some districts the earth is so hot just below the surface. The women dig holes into which they put their kettles, but the kettles contain a kind of treacle. This is a compensation for the discomforts of living on a volcanic island where all the food has to be imported.



POUNDED RICE FORMS THE EVENING MEAL OF THE MOIS

The Moises of Annam eat enormous quantities of hard pounded rice and in the afternoon see the women of a village hanging the paddy with large wooden poles. The Moises do not grow enough rice to last them throughout the year and so for certain periods they eat bamboo shoots which also form an article of diet in China.



SIMPLE VILLAGE-OVEN USED BY THE GREEK PEASANT WOMEN

Peasant women in Greece have to make and bake their own bread, so every village has its oven. These ovens are shaped like huge ant-hills and are made of clay. The children watch the fire and the batch of loaves to see that they do not burn. The women cannot all use the oven at once, but have to await their turn.

much liked in Spain, is very poor compared with the large, round disks that are baked by the thousand, wrapped in paper and cartons and stored by the Swedish housewife. Formerly she baked her own, but nowadays all bread is baked in special factories or bakeries, where the most hygienic conditions are assured.

A great contrast with this dry, hard bread is furnished by rice, which is the daily fare of most Asiatic peoples. In China, Japan, Korea and Siam the people live almost wholly on rice.

Rice is nourishing but most monotonous, and to help to relieve its monotony

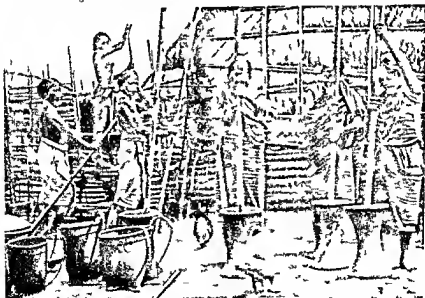
many devices have been employed. In China they use fish, meat, poultry and various spices as condiments. In Siam the people make a curious sauce called "namphrik," which is made with red peppers, shrimps, prawns, garlic and onions, salt, water and lemon juice. This is served with the rice.

In India ordinary mulhigatunny—to give it its proper spelling—is correctly described by the two Tamil words which make the name, molegaa, or pepper, and tunnee, or water. It is actually pepper-water, consisting mainly of chillies and garlic and pepper boiled with water.



NATURE'S OVENS IN THE SOIL OF VOLCANIC ICELAND

Iceland contains many volcanoes and hot passages on the surface just below the surface. The women do, hallo! help to heat potatoes in each bucket containing a loaf of bread. They come up at night for the comfort of living on a volcanic island. If the four have to be reported.



POUNDED RICE FORMS THE EVENING MEAL OF THE MOIS

The Mo of Annam eat enormous quantities of boiled pounded rice and in the night we see the women of a village crushing the paddy with huge wooden poles. If the rice does not grow enough rice to last them through the winter and a few extra periods they eat bamboo shoots which also form an article of diet.



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Peasant women in Greece have to make and bake their own bread, so every village has its oven. These ovens are shaped like huge ant-hills and are made of clay. The children watch the fire and the batch of loaves to see that they do not burn. The women cannot all use the oven at once, but have to await their turn.

much liked in Spain, is very poor compared with the large, round disks that are baked by the thousand, wrapped in paper and cartons and stored by the Swedish housewife. Formerly she baked her own, but nowadays all bread is baked in special factories or bakeries, where the most hygienic conditions are assured.

A great contrast with this dry, hard bread is furnished by rice, which is the daily fare of most Asiatic peoples. In China, Japan, Korea and Siam the people live almost wholly on rice.

Rice is nourishing but most monotonous, and to help to relieve its monotony

many devices have been employed. In China they use fish, meat, poultry and various spices as condiments. In Siam the people make a curious sauce called "namphrik," which is made with red peppers, shrimps, prawns, garlic and onions, salt, water and lemon juice. This is served with the rice.

In India ordinary muligatunny—to give it its proper spelling—is correctly described by the two Tamil words which make the name, molegaa, or pepper, and tunnee, or water. It is actually pepper-water, consisting mainly of chillies and garlic and pepper boiled with water.

Through Tropic Fairylands

THE MALAYS OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

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THE islands of the Dutch East Indies wonderful fairyland of colour lying between the Malay Peninsula and Australia are really the highest peaks of a vast partly submerged volcanic mountain range. They consist of Java and Madura Sumatra Borneo which is dealt with elsewhere Celebe and innumerable small islands. In these lovely lands we shall find many different people some wearing gorgeous clothes stiff with jewel and others wearing the simplest cotton garments or hardly any thing at all.

Brilliant flowers wonderfully coloured birds and graceful trees and magnificent plantations make the East Indies almost undeniably beautiful. The greater part of these islands belongs to the Netherlands the most important of them is Java which contains nearly four fifths of the entire population. The governor general resides at its capital Batavia.

Although Java does not look very big on a map and is much smaller than many of the other islands it is more than four times the size of the Netherlands. The population consists mainly of Javanese though there are many Europeans mostly Dutch and Chinese who are the traders.

A Naturalists Paradise

The Dutch officials regard the East Indies as their home even when they retire. They do not go back to the Netherlands except on leave so that they take a personal as well as a political interest in the administration of the

islands. They understand the country very well and help the natives to get rid of their land.

The most striking feature of the islands is the beautiful scenery. The trees and shrubs grow to enormous sizes and the flower and bird are of dazzling and diverse colours. More than four hundred different kinds of brightly hued birds including the peacock are found in the islands. Java is a paradise for the naturalist some of the strangest creatures are birds and flowers have yet to be given names and no doubt there are many still to be discovered.

Horses Fed on Bananas

Many kinds of fruit grow plentifully there are for instance over six hundred different kinds of banana to be found in Java. These range from little ones the size of a finger to those as long as a man's arm. The Javanese feed their horses upon the big ones in order to give them glossy coats.

Everywhere wonderful plantations are to be seen cultivated and harvested by the Dutch upon Java. Mangoes coconuts pineapples pears and many other kinds of delicious fruit grow at their best here and Javanese take coffee and cocoa have a beautiful fragrance and taste that they seem to lose when they are exported. Strange sweet smelling perfume of which the natives are very fond scent the air. A network of splendid railways which has been made by European engineers links up the plantation and towns.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE EAT

...d rice and fried onions, ... dish of the Indian. His ... although it is a rich and ... concoction is mainly an ac- ... to much rice, and kitchiri, ... is boiled rice enriched with ... egg and minced fish, ... with pepper and salt, lemon ... conditions. In the Far East the ... of a certain swallow and a kind of ... or hêche-de-mer, are considered great delicacies.

As a rule Asiatics take only two meals a day. The main dish at each meal is one of rice or sometimes of maize millet or barley, with which they eat cooked vegetables hot sauces like curry, and fruit. By the higher caste Hindus a rigid vegetarianism is practised, but Mahomedans eat meat when they can afford it. Salted and dried fish is much liked and fruits, such as melons and purplins are very popular.

Tibetans and other Mongols, however, fare quite differently. The basis of their diet is the never-ending cup of tea, but it is a, fearsome brew being mixed

with butter and salt. The chief meal is taken in the evening and consists of meat that has been dried and then cooked in milk, eaten with tea and cheese. Of late years they have begun to grow rye and barley and to make cakes and a sort of bread, but tea and meat are their chief articles of diet.

Most native peoples have sufficient forethought to provide themselves with food against a time of scarcity by drying fish or meat in the sun, and, where salt is known, by curing it. People who live on islands depend very much on what the sea yields them, and although they may not appear to be guided by any good reason, it is nevertheless true that a native will often discover a source of food by intuition in circumstances in which a white man would starve. But some races eat things that would be most repulsive to us. There is the blubber—rav seals' fat—that the Eskimo crams into his mouth, and there are the tadpoles and water-beetles, moths and locusts, spiders and caterpillars with which the folk of Madagascar flavour their rice.



YOUNG AND OLD DEFTLY USE CHOPSTICKS IN CHINA

In China, Japan and Korea, food is conveyed to the mouth by means of chopsticks, which may be made of wood, bone or ivory. We should need a great deal of practice before we could manipulate them successfully. Of course, the meat, fish and vegetables have to be cut up into small pieces before appearing at the table.



Kurkoff

ARTISTIC WORKER IN BRASS IN THE TOWN OF SURABAYA

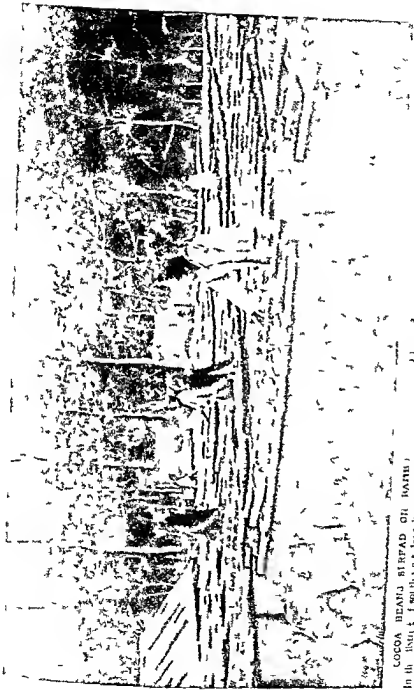
The Javanese are skilful workers in metal and produce very beautiful objects with their simple tools. This man, who dwells in the chief town of east Java, is chiselling an intricate pattern on a brass bowl which he steadies with his bare foot. We have only to look at page 1809 to see what marvels his kinsmen can fashion in gold.

Wide roads, such as are very seldom found in the East, make motoring through the delightful scenery very pleasant.

The natives although rather small, are very graceful strong and well-built people. They are a branch of the Malay race and are intelligent, kind and extremely polite. As the cultivated part of Java, which occupies more than one-third of the whole island, is covered with vast plantations of rice, coffee, sugar-cane, etc., the natives are nearly all agriculturists. They live in villages or "kampongs" as they are called and each village may contain from thirty to five hundred inhabitants who live happily and peacefully tilling

the land. They are generally paid a small but sufficient wage by the Dutch. Even the little villages are very beautiful and are often surrounded by groves of palms, which sometimes quite hide the low, one-storey huts.

The houses are built of teak or bamboo, with thatched roofs, so that the native has nothing to fear from earthquakes, which in these volcanic regions are frequent. If his house gets shaken down he soon builds a new one. Very often each hut has a flower-garden in front of it, which adds considerably to its picturesque appearance. Sometimes there are Chinese coolies in the villages, too, but they live



COCOA BEANS BEFORD ON HAINES

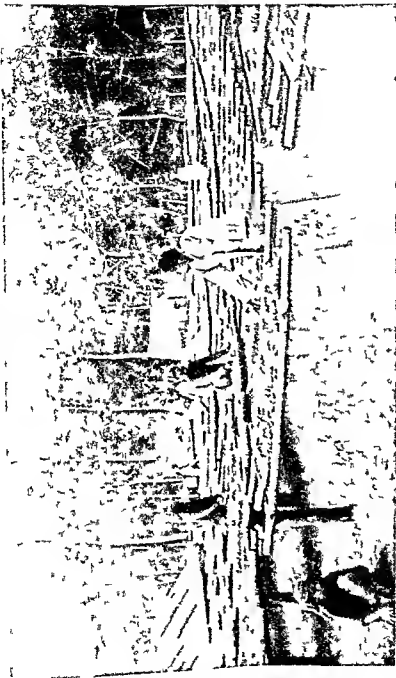
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Lewis

MADURESE WOMEN WHO HAVE COME TO JAVA TO WORK IN A COFFEE WAREHOUSE

Little Madura Island, off the north-east coast of Java is not very productive, but its inhabitants are very hard workers. They go over to Java to help in the plantations and to sort the coffee berries. The fruit of the coffee tree is rather like a cherry so that is what it is called. Madurese coolies are sorting the beans, examining each one separately. But inside it there is not one stone, but two seeds—coffee beans. The "cherry" growing at the tip of a twig sometimes has only one seed which is then round and so is called a "peaberry". These



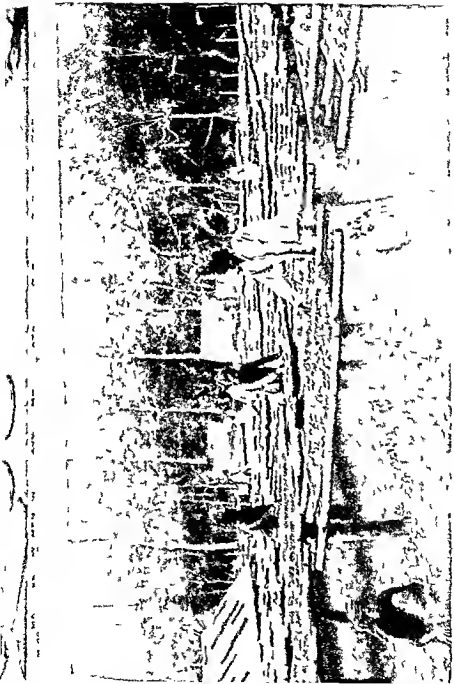
COCOBA FRANKS SPREAD ON BAMBOO TRIANGLE SOON LATE 1967

In this photograph, Java known as the Great Wall, is shown in the foreground, and the bamboo triangle is shown in the background. The photograph is a high-contrast, black and white image, showing a dense thicket of bamboo. In the foreground, a person is visible, partially obscured by the bamboo stalks. The image is heavily textured with vertical lines from the bamboo and has a grainy, high-contrast appearance.



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6-11

Figure 1

11

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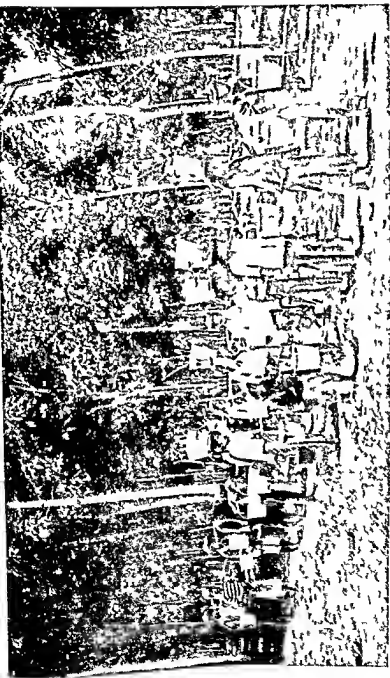
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TO HARVEST THE RICE, THEIR CHIEF FOOD, OLD AND YOUNG SPEND LONG DAYS IN THE PADDY FIELDS. Growing rice in Java, where it is summer all the year round, is very different from growing corn in temperate lands. Ploughing and sowing and reaping have not each its season, but are done at any time of the year. One field is being harvested while the next is being sown. In another the paddy stands half grown, and in yet a fourth even wade knee-deep in watery mud, drawing queer, wooden ploughs. Then every field yields not one crop, but two or even three, so that a family in possession of wide paddy fields must needs be hardworking.



NPARING THE END OF THEIR WORK COOLIES CARRYING THE DAYS YIELD OF RUBBER TO THE FACTORY
 Rubber trees are grown in Java and the principal source of the supply of the trees is in the day that we are in the age 1937. The Java rubber industry does not import Indian coolies to the work as do the Java Malays for although they are of the same

THROUGH TROPIC FAIRYLANDS

The food of the Javanese is rice, of which is a laborious though the climatic conditions are favorable. The people often live deep in mud, which is the home of When they gather the are forced to work for days in the sun, cutting off the ears of the rice, such an implement is almost unknown.

Tigers as Friends and Enemies

The Javanese love hunting and fishing. Sometimes a hunter may be so fortunate as to kill a tiger, for which he will receive a government bounty. He may sell the skin, but first of all he will pull out the teeth, claws and whiskers, which are considered to be very powerful aids against evil spirits.

Some tigers may not be killed, because the people believe them to be powerful friends who watch over their interests and frighten away other tigers. They think that the spirit of an ancestor is in such a tiger. Wild pigs and deer are often to be seen, reptiles, including crocodiles, infest the dark swamps, and edible fishes swarm in the rivers and coastal waters. With these sources of food at their disposal, the Javanese need not work very hard to obtain a living, although the Dutch are gradually teaching them to obtain the best from their land.

A Race of Spendthrifts

They cling to their old, slow methods of agriculture, and the Dutch do not mind them doing so, as it gives work to everyone and keeps them happily employed. The Javanese never save any money, for they squander it on festivals and feasts, which they hold at every opportunity.

They are Mahomedans, but they still observe some of the old Hindu rites. The women and children are especially devout, and frequently go to the temples to pray and to take offerings to the priests.

Batavia is by far the most important town in the East Indies and is situated in one of the biggest sugar, rice and rubber

producing centres of the world. The city is quite modern, there are excellent railways running hence to all parts of the island, and a telegraph system has been in use since 1858. Native police direct the passage of motor cars, and there are many excellent schools where the wonderfully polite children are educated by European and native teachers.

Before the glittering harbour of Batavia is reached, we can smell the almost overpowering scent of spices that is wafted from the island. A train takes us from the harbour to the best part of the town where there are good hotels, telephones and other European comforts. Fine houses and offices, built in the Dutch style, are to be seen. There are well laid out squares and gardens, and wide roads where Europeans in white, and Chinese, Malays and Javanese, in their coloured clothes, are to be seen.

How the Javanese Dress

Many of the Javanese women living in the larger towns wear European clothes, so do some of the men. The usual garment of the women, however, is the sarong—a wide piece of cloth fastened under the armpits and reaching nearly to the ground. When in public they also wear a short coat, with a scarf draped over the shoulders or tied round the waist. The women fasten their hair in a tight knot with pins, the men wear a little turban. Rings and bracelets are worn by men and women, and the children frequently have anklets. The native costumes make the streets of Batavia scenes of colourful animation.

The old Dutch buildings, some of which were built in the seventeenth century, are well worth seeing. The city church is over two hundred years old, and has a fine pulpit and carvings. The imposing town-hall dates from 1710. By the Tiger Canal is the Chinese quarter, where live some thirty thousand Chinese—shopkeepers, hawkers and labourers—and here the buildings and bazaars are Chinese. Gaudy joss houses, or temples, with their idols, make quite a different scene.



Smithsonian Institute

WINDOWLESS DWELLING OF THE HEADMAN OF A PAGET VILLAGE

South Paget, or Nassau Island is the most southerly of an archipelago that lies off the south-west coast of Sumatra. The people who dwell here are very primitive and are believed to be not Malays but descendants of aboriginal Polynesians. The jungle lies at the very doors of this pile-supported dwelling. A causeway leads to the door.

After Batavia, Semarang and Surabaya are the chief towns. Surabaya is linked up east and west by good railways and is the headquarters of the military authorities. Here are the old, half-ruined fortifications which were built years ago by the Dutch.

In the centre of Java are two strange states which are called Jokja and Solo—short for Jokjokarta and Soerakarta. These are governed by a sultan and king respectively and the old medieval forms of courtesy and court etiquette are still practised as they were hundreds of years ago. Time seems to have stood still here. The court nobles still wear their gorgeous uniforms and state trappings, and the palaces and buildings look like those described in fairy tales.

Although the king and sultan still reign, they themselves have to obey the Dutch officials and are rulers more in name than in reality.

At Jokja there are over a thousand temples, and strangely carved ruins add to the general picturesqueness. Here the chief industry is the weaving and dyeing of the beautiful cloth that is famous in

Java. The cloth is woven without a loom and the wonderful patterns are made very tediously by dyeing the cloth after the patterns have been covered with a wax that keeps out the dye. The work is known as batik.

At Boro Budur, in the centre of the island, are marvellous ruins dating back to the ninth century. They are relics of an ancient Hindu-Buddhist civilization that existed before the Arabs swept through the land in the fifteenth century. The ruins cover a small hill and are pyramidal in shape, mounting up the hillside in a series of terraces. There are five terraces and on them are the marvellous carvings that have made Boro Budur so famous. It has been estimated that there are three miles of carvings. The building of the temple must have been an even more stupendous task than the erection of the Great Pyramid in Egypt.

To the east of Java is a chain of islands, of which each one is beautiful and possesses strange and wonderful scenery. The largest and most important is the volcanic island of Bali, which is peopled by natives similar to those of Java, but